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CHRISTMAS

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NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"





VITAGRAPH

Not all thrills are furnished by iron-workers; sometimes a mere wood-worker can provide a few.

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

*An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine
Devoted to the Best Interests of All
Motion Picture Art and Artists*

DECEMBER-1918

C o n t e n t s

<i>Larry Semon's Latest Thriller</i>	1	<i>A Peep at the Heart of the Movies</i>	17
<i>A Mermaid</i>	2	<i>A Christmas Stunt That Went Astray</i>	17
<i>Flashbacks</i>	3	<i>Movies from Film Fun's Screen</i>	18
<i>Editorial</i>	4	<i>The Precocious Movie Kid</i>	19
<i>"The Sheriff," a picture review of Arbuckle's latest</i>	5	<i>"Roaring Lions on the Midnight Express," a Lehrman comedy</i>	20
<i>A Good Looking Glass</i>	6	<i>By the Expression of the Feet</i>	B. M. FAIRBANKS 21
<i>Selling Goods in Los Angeles</i>	7	<i>The Seats of the Mighty</i>	MARY G. BONNER 21
<i>Putting the "Extra" in His Place</i>	8	<i>Lure of the Films</i>	22
<i>"Something in the Spy Line," a picture review of "Come On In"</i>	10	<i>"A Bold Bad Man," a Happy Hooligan adventure</i>	23
<i>Realism in the Films</i>	11	<i>Putting It Over</i>	HARRY MORSE MEYERS 24
<i>Houdini's Serial, "The Master Mystery"</i>	12	<i>The Interrupted Film</i>	25
<i>The "Penny Specialists"</i>	13	<i>"History" and the Screen</i>	A. H. F. 25
<i>Things That Happen With the Movies</i>	15	<i>It's on the Way</i>	26
<i>"A Hoosier Romance," the first James Whitcomb Riley picture</i>	16	<i>The Movie Method of Raising Money</i>	A. H. F. 27
		<i>Those Sentimental Close-ups</i>	28

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IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE
THEY CAN WEAR THEM WITH?

At Santa Monica, where it's warm, Ethel Lynn
dons summer furs with her bathing suit.

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

SAUSAGE HAYMAKER has just shown "The Call of the East" in our town. Oh, yes, we know! Cash!

Five-year-old Kathleen Reilly announces her appointment as "official Cupid" for Metro. What's in a name!

Ethel Clayton is appearing in "Stolen Hours." Si Mizzlenigg says they stole his, too, even if it was only a henry.

We have it on the authority of a photoplay magazine that a certain dress goods doll loves to act. Well, then, why doesn't she?

Fred Niblo married Enid Bennett. Then he made his first appearance in the photoplay called "Coals of Fire." Who named it? We don't know.

Jack Winblish is going to write to Elsie Ferguson to find out all about that new breed, "Barbary Sheep." He ain't had much luck with his lately.

Ethel Clayton's first Paramount picture is called "The Girl Who Came Back." Ma says it couldn't have been a hired girl, for she never comes back.

Nazimova—so her clever press agent has discovered—has learned that lizards are very fond of music. Yes, and the lounge lizards prefer it with their meals.

Taylor Holmes computes that the average man in civil life spends one-half his time making money to buy a meal, and the other half in the restaurant waiting for it.

Bill Hart's picture, "The Wolves of the Rail," is showing here now. Jack Winblish says there are no wolves of the rail since the government has took hold of them.

Wm. Russel is appearing in "The Midnight Trail" in our town. Bill Barzackle says he sympathizes with Mr. Russel. He knows all about the midnight trail—he has twins.

Douglas Fairbanks advises all and sundry to "Walk and Save Carfare." Now that the War Industries Board is regulating shoe prices, maybe some of us can afford to try it. Hitherto as a pastime it has been open only to pluto-crats.

In "Molly Go Get

'Em" Marguerita Fisher wears a pair of pajamas given to her by a wealthy mandarin of Santa Barbara. The design is a yellow devil-fish in a crimson sea, and they look like a Chinese opera sounds! Let us give thanks that the screen gives us only black and white!

The First National Exhibitors Circuit is after Mary Pickford, offering her a million dollars for a year's contract. A movie magazine says: "First Charlie and now Mary. Who's next?" Well, Betty Dizzledroop, who always recites "Curfew Shall Not Spring To-night" at the Pumpkin Vine School literary, is going to the post office every day.

Now comes another making inquiry: "What's the matter with the movies?" Well, they're paying about \$200,000,000 government revenue. They've raised a billion dollars—that's one-sixth of the Fourth Loan. And they've taken over the foreign trade for practically the whole world. So probably the answer ought to be: "The movies are all right!"

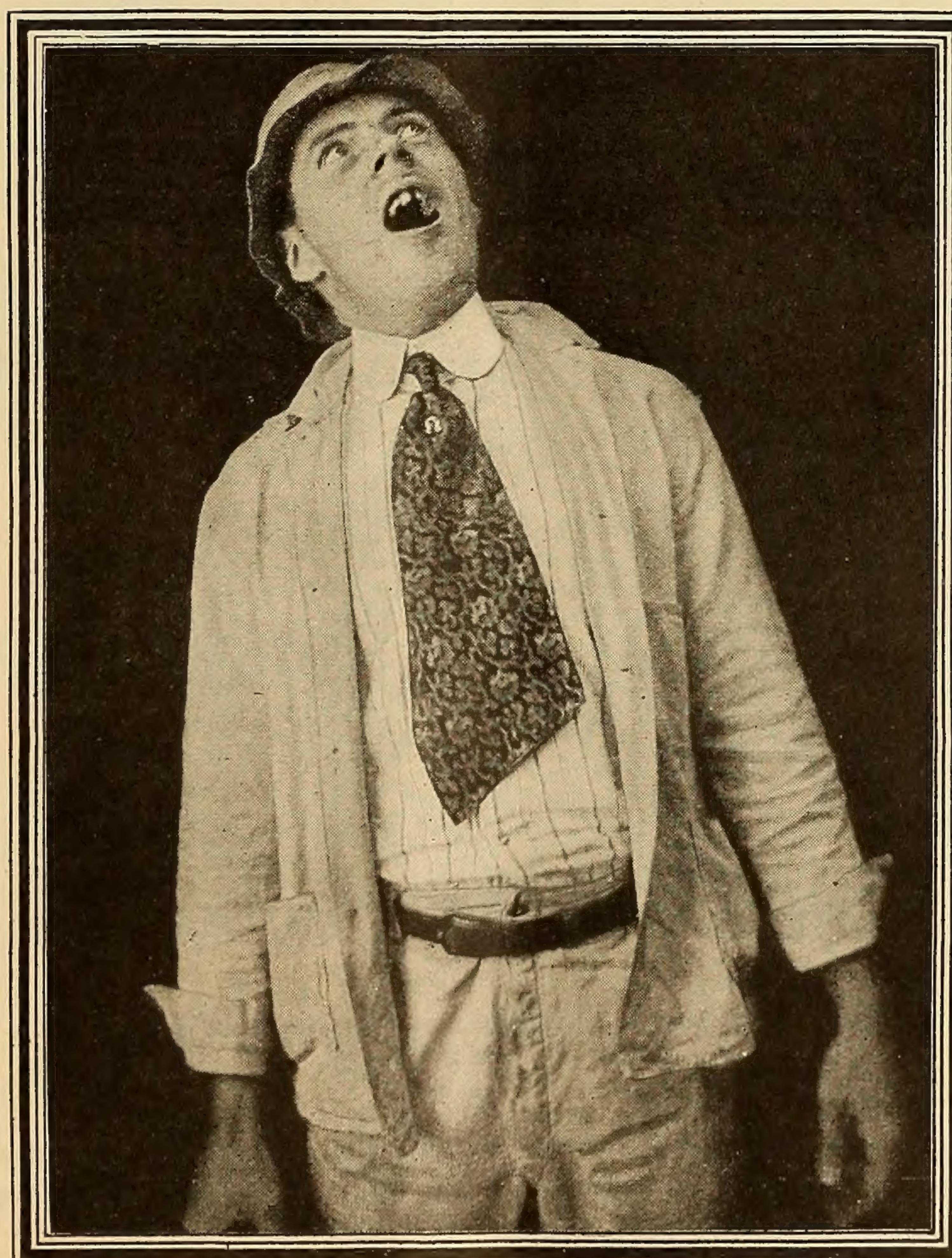
Western enthusiasm will have to speed up a bit after this, Bryant Washburn believes. He came to New York early in October to film some scenes of "Venus in the East" which called for that setting, and flags, banners and

Liberty Loan posters obscured the sets so he had to abandon the undertaking. A counterfeit Fifth Avenue constructed in the Hollywood studios had to be used.

Gustave von Seyffertitz, of Lasky, has adopted a new name—Clonebaugh—for professional purposes. The notification doesn't say why he wished to make the change. Make your own guess.

In view of the suspension of releases for four weeks, due to influenza, and the reduced production likely to result, Charles Ray is of opinion that "Beans" is likely to be mighty popular for a long time.

His press representative has this to say about the star of a recent Wild West photoplay: "So genuine an actor is he that he does not need the artificial aids of experience." Which may be a good thing, for these Westerners are sometimes resentful when affronted.



THE BAWLER OUT

In the "legit" he used to be the call-boy; but in the movies, he has to compete with megaphones, and call-boy is too conservative.

EDITORIAL

Give the Public the Best

REISSUES of old films, reprinted, re-titled and edited, are now shown in the best theaters throughout the country and are proving box-office successes. The warm reception accorded them strengthens our faith that old friends are best and seems to demonstrate that fashions in favorites change very little. FILM FUN has expressed the belief, from time to time, that fewer and better productions would serve the best interests of the industry from every angle. Certain producers have tried this plan, and in every instance it seems to work well.

"Hearts of the World" has had a successful run at Broadway prices from April to November, with no end in sight at this writing. With upward of sixty stars of the first magnitude—according to their salary slips—each working with energy to fulfill his contract to produce eight or more photoplays a year, Art is apt to have a hard time.

The public pays the bills, although it does not always realize that fact, and if the fans will support only good pictures, producers will provide them. This means a considerable change in the prevailing system, but a change is badly needed.

Doubling

THIS may not be a necessary evil, but it has become a well-established practice. It is justly unpopular, however, and two factors which will aid in its annihilation are, first, the burlesques being presented by the comedy companies, which ridicule it unmercifully, and, second, the genuine scorn a real actor feels for the "idol" whose contract stipulates that no hazard goes with his performances. A vast number of capable players from the speaking stage are able and anxious to do good work before the camera, and most of these hold "doubling" and "camera tricks" in contempt. Those most concerned should promote the enactment of legislation that will provide just compensation and for placing the responsibility where it

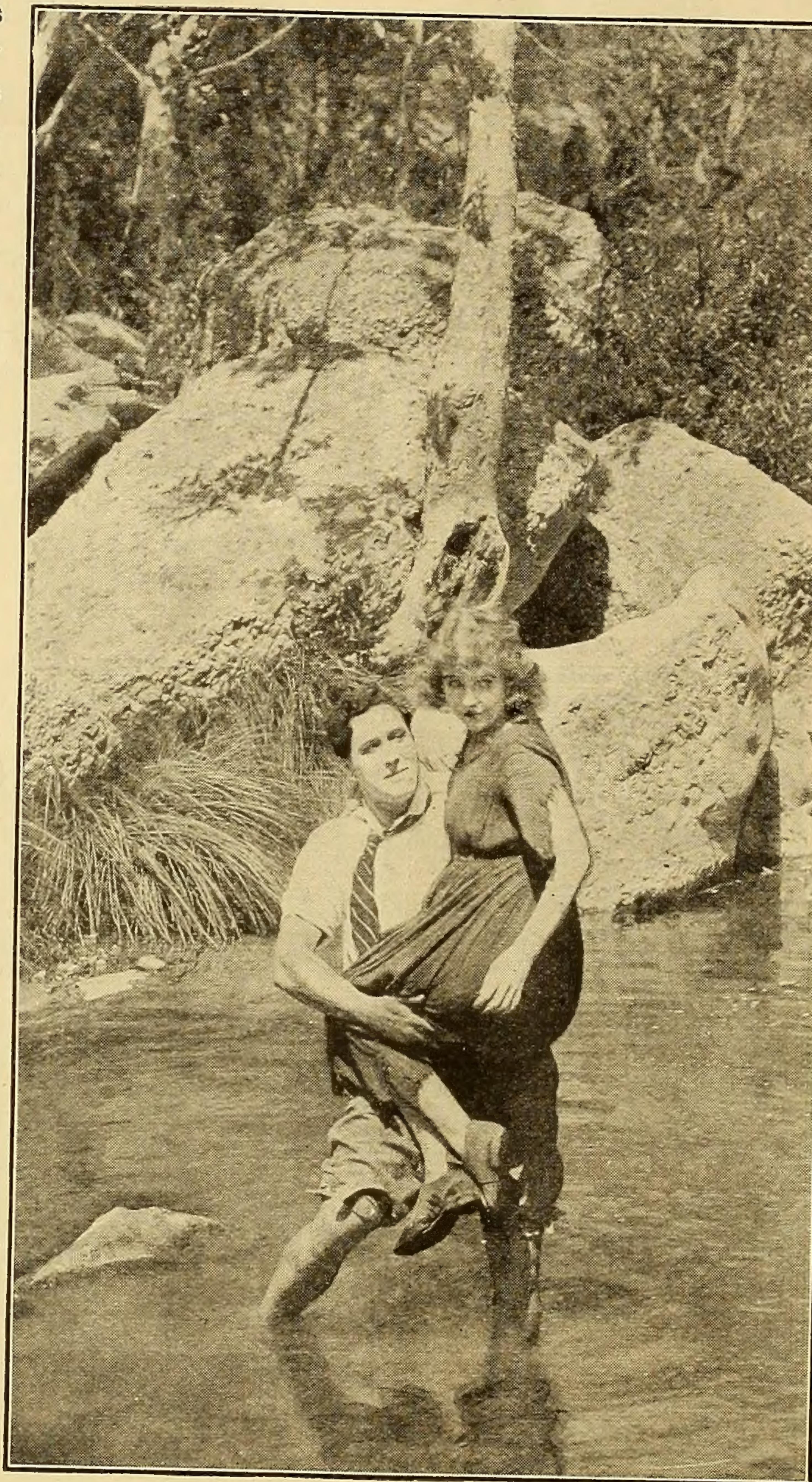
belongs in case of accident. That would seem to be on the shoulders of the hero. Let him play or pay. No man ought to risk his life for a five-dollar wage.

A National Film Library

FOR every evil under the sun There is a remedy or there is none." If you have a healthful and lively recollection of your "Mother Goose Tales," you will know the rest of the rhyme and will understand why FILM FUN again comes forward with the suggestion that it is time we had a film library where all productions may be registered, recorded and classified. At present confusion prevails, and much that is good is unavailable. At some not distant day there will be motion pictures in the home, for study and pleasure, just as generally as there are phonographs now. Some provision should be made against the coming of that day. The N. A. M. P. I. is pretty busy, but might establish a bureau if public demand and public support seemed to warrant it. The great hope we have is that all concerned may be aroused to the need. Then the right result will be arrived at.

Bridging the Gap

SIX thousand miles of film are unreeled every month for our fighting men, at home and abroad. That is enough to reach from New York clear across to France and back again. And that is just about what happens. A bridge that can't be blown up is maintained, at all times affording excellent communication. The Y. M. C. A. has the matter in charge, and when mails are delayed or lost, the weekly



METRO

"What's the use of a six-foot-two leading man, if he can't give you a lift once in a while?" says May Allison.

news reel that tells in pictures how the home folks are standing back of the men in the trenches is an unfailing antidote for "that lonesome feeling." On the testimony of returned soldiers, sailors and marines, the pictures are as essential as their daily rations and as great a comfort as "smokes." The program usually consists of a five-reel feature, a comedy and some up-to-the-minute news pictures.



"Oh, you devils! Well, you've quit doing that now that my boy Harry is over there!"

Selling Goods in Los Angeles

By CHARLOTTE MISH

At Blank's Department Store:

Well, well, Miss Stewart! So glad— What! You ain't Miss Stewart? You ain't Anita Stewart? Why, I can't hardly believe it! Are you positive— Oh, gee! o' course you'd be positive; but, say, it seems queer. I coulda swore you was her. I woulda bet any amount a money on it. Say, *ain't* it queer? You could be her twin sister. Well, well, I'd jest run on all day, but I know you wanna be lookin' at somethin'. Can't I show you this beau-tee-ful—etc., etc.

At Blink's Department Store:

You wanna look at that piece o' goods? Oh, now, honest, Miss Gish, that wouldn't be good enough fer you! By the way, now I'm speakin' of it, which Miss Gish are yuh? I can't never tell you an' your sister apart. Which? You

ain't *neither*? Well, you cud knock me down with a breath, I'm that tooken aback! Well, you'll have ter excuse me! Now that I look at you reel close, I see your eyes is jest a bit larger an' shinier than theirs is. An' you're younger, too, I guess, but yuh got their style. As I was sayin', this here piece o' goods—etc.

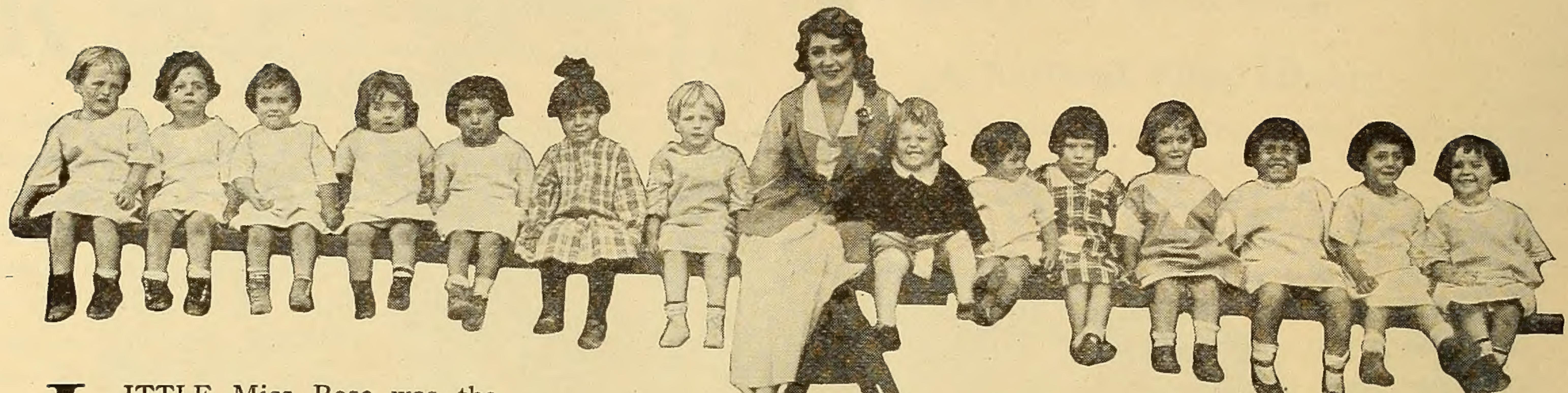
At Blunk's Department Store:

Oh, I know you'll excuse me speakin' to you personal, but I feel as though I knewed you, havin' seen you so often in the pitchures. *What!* You ain't never been in the pitchures? For goodness sakes! Well, now, ain't that strange? If I had your looks, I'd be, believe muh! And then you look so *much* like— Well, what can I show you? I jest know you'd *love* this swell imported—etc., etc.

Does it work? Does—it—work? It does!

Putting the "Extra" in His Place

By HAROLD SETON



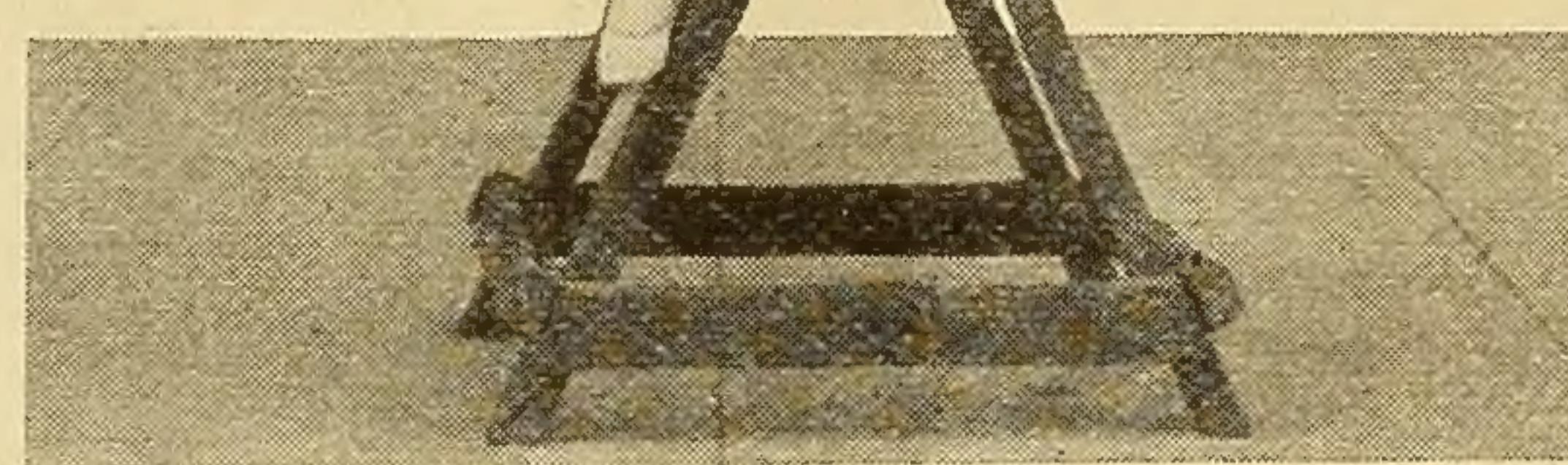
LITTLE Miss Rose was the casting director at a moving picture studio. Her office was on the ground floor, overlooking the yard. She sat in a cage, like a bird. What kind of a bird? Well, let me see. Oh, I know! A parrot! For she kept saying the same thing over and over. "Nothing to-day! Nothing to-day!"

We "extra" people always had to wear our best clothes and our best smiles. We had to create a pleasant impression. We had found that the best clothes and the best smiles did the trick and landed the job. So we hopped off the Fort Lee trolley car and tramped along the unpaved side street, until we arrived at the studio and found ourselves facing little Miss Rose. There were sure to be others there before us, sometimes two or three, sometimes ten or twelve. All day long it was the same thing. If one called at nine, at one or at four, other "extras" were watching and waiting.

"Anything for me, Miss Rose?" we asked her majesty.

"Nothing to-day!" said little Miss Rose.

Then we walked away and went to another studio, and another, and another. The other casting directors were men. Little Miss Rose was unique in her profession. And, instead of being old and ugly, she was young and pretty. We wondered why she wasn't working upstairs in the pictures instead of downstairs in the office. One chap always insisted that when he became a



Some of Mary Pickford's "extras" are a trifle too young to have "working papers."

leading man he would demand that little Miss Rose be selected as his leading woman. Which was not very encouraging for little Miss Rose, for we all knew that the man in question would live and die in the mob.

The seats ranged around the walls of the waiting-room were of appropriate design. They were old orchestra chairs, originally intended for an audience to sit in and witness a performance. But no performance I have ever beheld in a real theater was more comic, more tragic or more fascinating than this everyday routine at the Fort Lee studio!

The acting director made out a list of the scenes he would put on the next day, and then Miss Rose had to choose the "extras" needed for these scenes. Sometimes cowboys and Indians were called for, sometimes men and women of fashion, sometimes college boys and college girls, sometimes denizens of the underworld, male and female crooks and criminals.

It is therefore apparent that little Miss Rose had to exercise judgment and discretion. She was an expert on "types," a reader of character. She also remembered faces and names and addresses. Nevertheless, we kept on calling.

"Anything for me, Miss Rose?" asked a girl who tried to look like Mary Pickford. She had Mary Pickford ringlets, but there the resemblance ended. Her face



Jurymen, ambassadors, German soldiers—anything you like at five per day; double pay for duckings.

and figure were all out of focus. But now and then she was permitted to go on, and she was convinced that sooner or later her opportunity would arrive. But she vowed that Mary Pickford was bringing influence to bear so that this counterpart could not secure good engagements.

"Nothing to-day!" said little Miss Rose.

"Anything for me to-day, Miss Rose?" asked a youth who thought he was a "sport," as indeed he was, of a very cheap variety. He was of the hotel-bellboy type, undersized and pasty-faced. His eyes were small and his mouth was large. His hair was long on the top, but short in the back. His clothes were extremely tight-fitting, and there was a belt on his coat, and another on his vest. He wore a rhinestone ring on his finger and a rhinestone pin in his tie. Sometimes he had appeared in "slum" scenes, but he longed to play "dress-suit" parts.

"Nothing to-day!" said little Miss Rose.

"Anything for me to-day, Miss Rose?" asked a woman who wanted to be a "vampire." She was made up ashen white, with black shadows around her eyes and scarlet smears on her lips. Her inky black hair was pulled straight back from her temples. Her eyebrows were shaved to wisps. Her clinging robe was of black satin, and her huge hat was trimmed with paradise plumes. Jet earrings, necklace, bracelets and rings completed the toilet. The woman thought she was "intense" and "exotic." She was merely stupid and common. She was hired occasionally for scenes in barrooms and mining camps.

"Nothing to-day!" said little Miss Rose.

And so they came, and so they went, one after another! While some crowded around Miss Rose's desk, others sat and gossiped. They told of their trials and tribulations. Everybody talked, but nobody listened. People who act in

the movies are as self-centered and self-satisfied as people who act on the stage. They suffer from inflammation of the I's. One has only to hang around the waiting-room of a moving picture studio to become convinced of the fact. The great trouble is that the disease is catching!

"Mignonette!" called a loud and vulgar mother to her loud and vulgar offspring. "Mignonette, come and sit by mommer, and don't wear yourself out running round and round the room that way! The little darling is so full of genius and inspiration, she simply can't stay still a minute! She sings and dances and acts all the time! And yet she is absolutely natural and unaffected! Most children get conceited and spoiled by posing before the camera, but not my Mignonette! Only five years old! But she earns her seven-fifty a day, don't you, precious? All the other mommers are jealous of me and my child! They say I dye her hair and my own, too! But I don't pay no attention! I only laugh at them!"

"This life is very hard on us old fellows!" said a veteran, who was labeled "actor" from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He must have been sixty-five or seventy years of age and looked like the late Sir Henry Irving. He had been on the stage most of his life, first playing juveniles, then middle-aged roles, and at last old men. But his memory began to fail, and also his hearing, so he left the stage and turned to the studios, often getting jobs as a juryman or even a judge. If one paid for his lunch, one would be entertained with amusing stories of bygone plays and bygone players. But one such lunch was quite enough. The old boy always told the same tales in the same way.

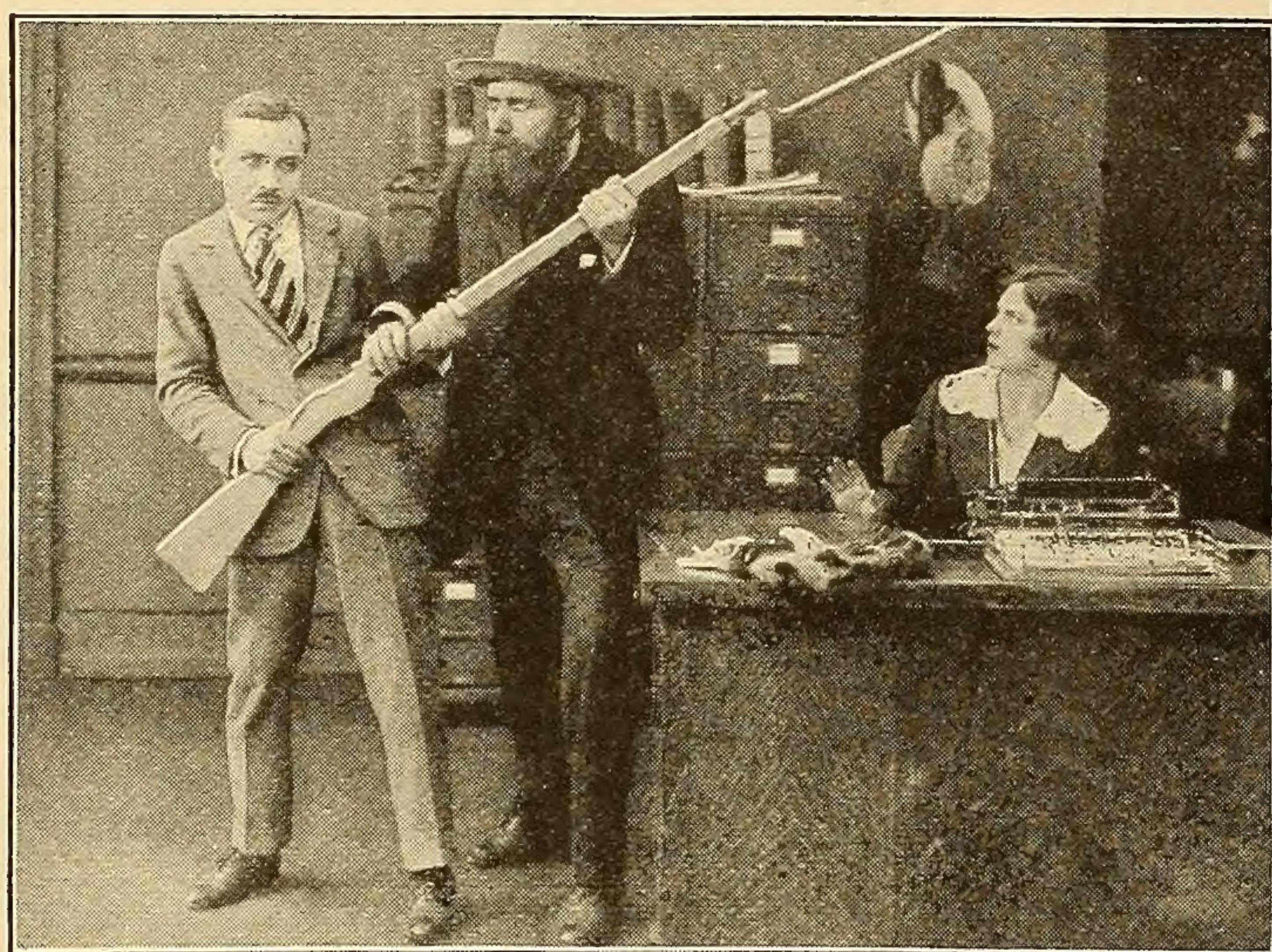
"Anything for me, Miss Rose?" asked the old man.

(Continued on page 32)

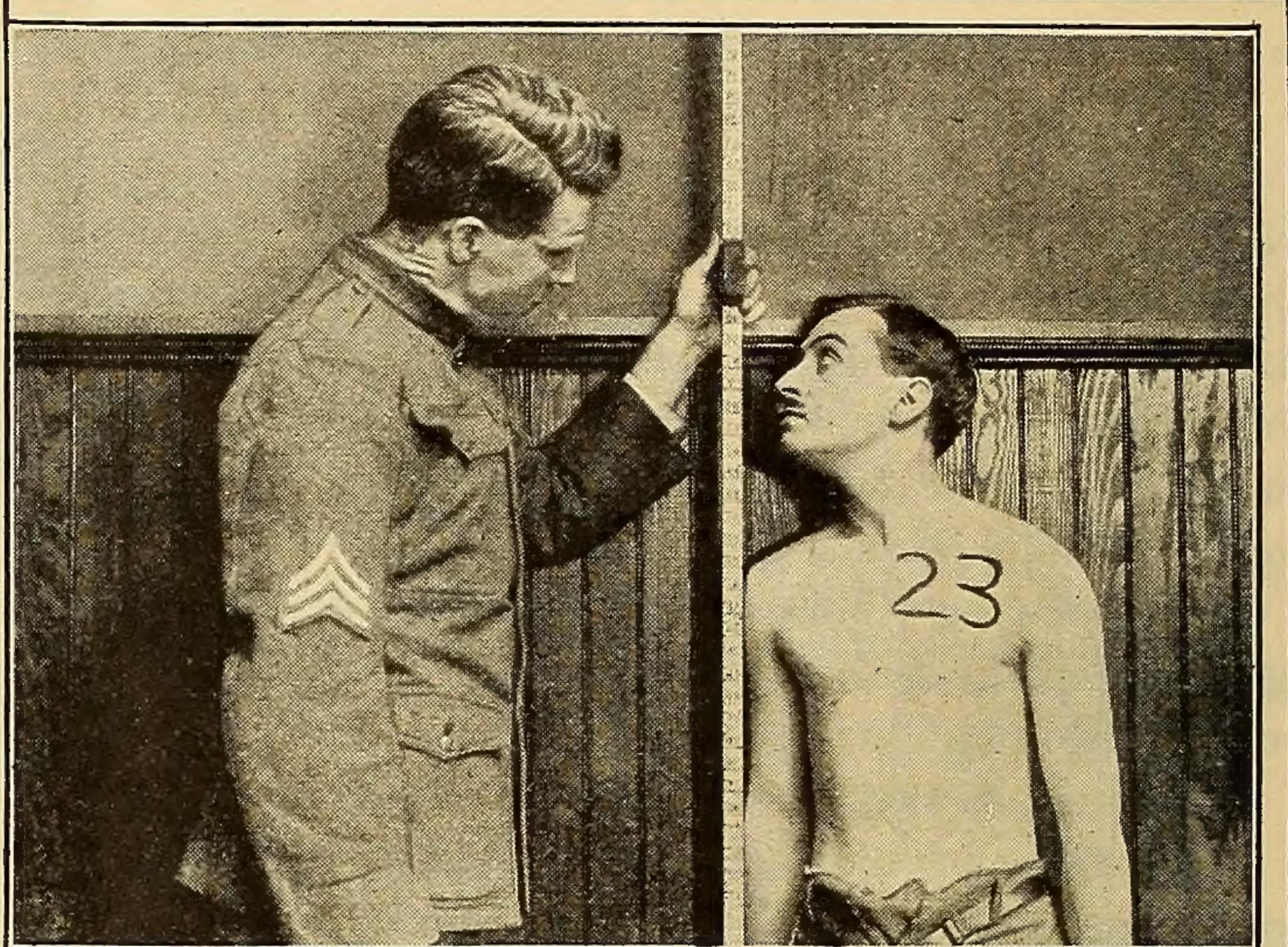


Apparently, it is the judgment of the lady "extra" that success is a matter of hosiery.

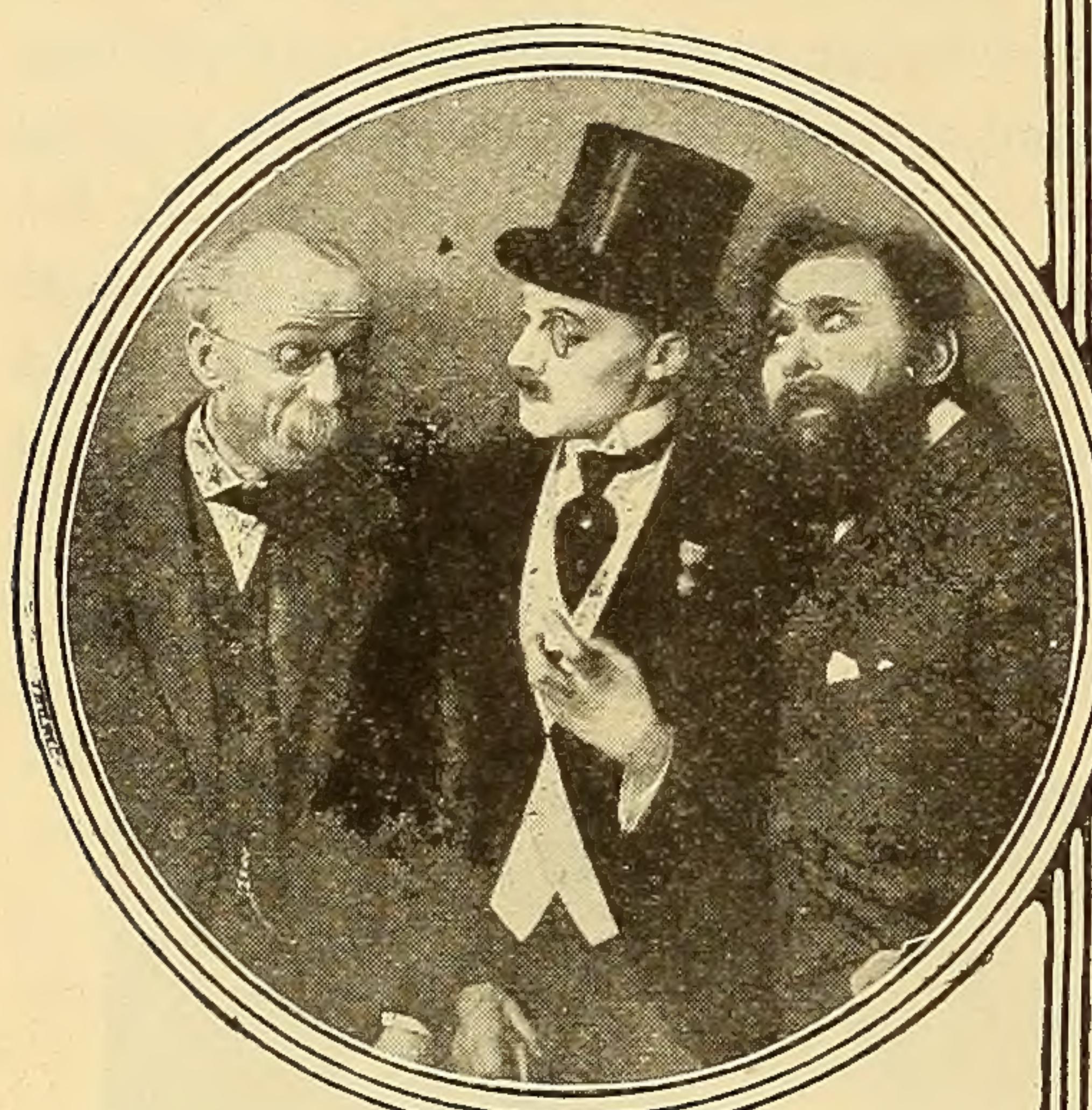
Something in the Spy Line? Try "Come On In"



1. Ernest practices the manual of arms in office hours until interrupted by his employer, G. Wattan Orphul-Schmell.



2. Ernest enlists—but lacks a few inches. Corrects defect by getting a bump on the head, and is promptly accepted.



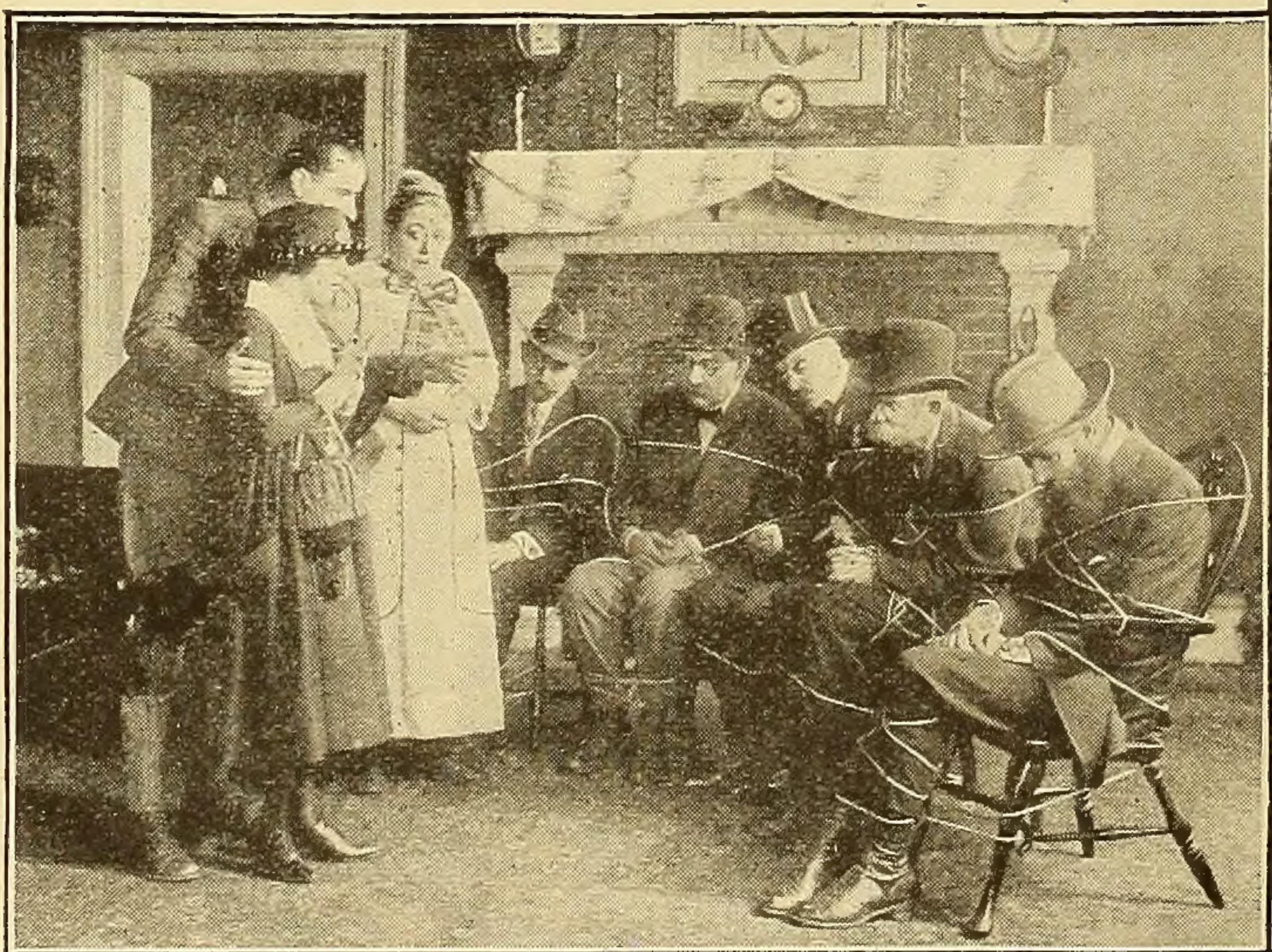
3. Ernest's and Emmy's employer (right) is a trusted associate of Count von Bumstuff (center). They plot.

The Story in Brief

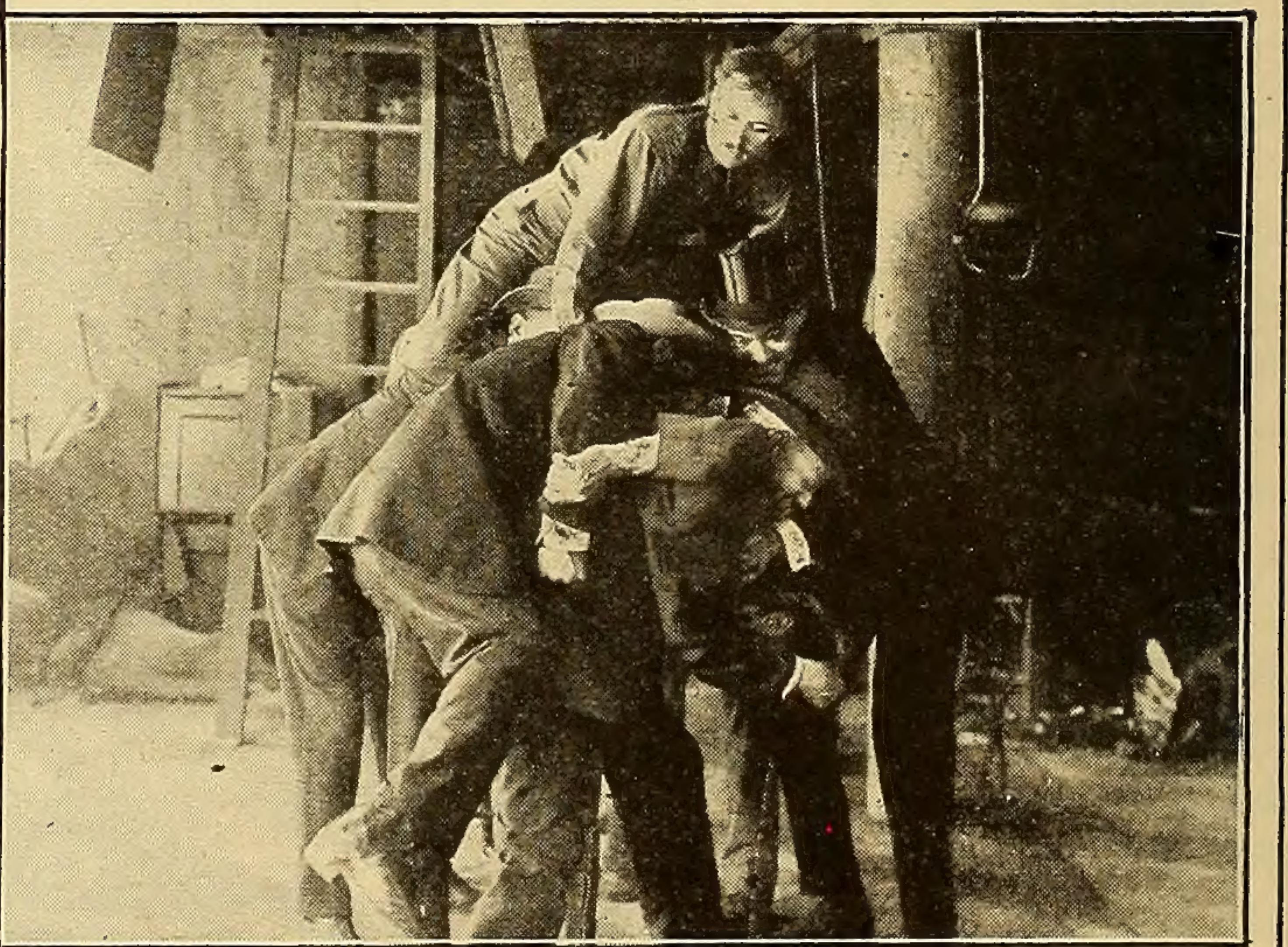
"Come On In;" sub-title, "The War's Fine." Emmy Little (Shirley Mason) and Ernest Short (Ernest Truax) are employees of G. Wattan Orphul-Schmell, who does not sympathize with their war enthusiasm. Ernest enlists and Emmy knits. Ernest and a rival for Emmy's hand are both members of the same company, and while Ernest shows off as a corporal, his rival gets leave of absence and presents himself to Emmy as the captor of a whole gang of German spies. But he turns out himself to be a spy, Ernest's former employer being another, and it is Ernest's proud privilege to make a real Hun round-up for Uncle Sam. Emmy marries him? Of course.



4. Emmy visits camp. Corporal Ernest puts it over his rival by assigning him to "kitchen police."



5. Rival re-establishes himself by showing Emmy his "bag" of German spies. Note strength of string with which bundles are tied.



6. Reels of things happen, all leading to a genuine capture of the spies by Ernest. A single-handed round-up like this is nothing for a movie hero in good training.

Realism in the Films

By LAWTON MACKALL

THERE are certain things which we men have to face. They may be always below the surface, never alluded to in conversation, and yet, however we try to steel ourselves, we cannot but know they are *there*. Even the most intrepid of us, confronted by such sights, can hardly escape being rattled. Lowering our eyes, we betray confusion.

With women, however, it is quite otherwise: they *wear* these disquieting pink bows and similar lingerie accoutrements with utter unconcern.

And they are right. In wartime every woman should do what she can toward eliminating the waist; and many of the waists we see nowadays appear to be unnecessary. If they were dispensed with, it would be hard to tell the difference. Further progress in this sort of economy could not fail to command the attention of those in authority.

But even if a woman retain her waist, she can, if properly trained, cultivate under its glass-like transparency a complete hardy garden of rosettes and trellised ribbons.

This movement for the unfolding of womanhood is truly educational. Mankind is learning. Before, we only

guessed. There were opaque stretches between insertion and insertion. Now we see clearly. We have learned the mysterious geology of silk strata and caught the quiet harmony of soft cords. We have been schooled in the whole fauna and flora of embroidery. In these philosophic speculations we have gone deeper and deeper, till lost in labyrinths of lace.

Such object lessons, though brief, may affect a man's career more than four years at college. Yet whatever may be our opinion regarding the economic and educational aspects of these revelations, this much remains certain: *we have to face them*. The question is, What should be our proper attitude toward them? Shall we ignore facts or acclaim them? Is it more tactful to confine one's gaze to the ceiling?

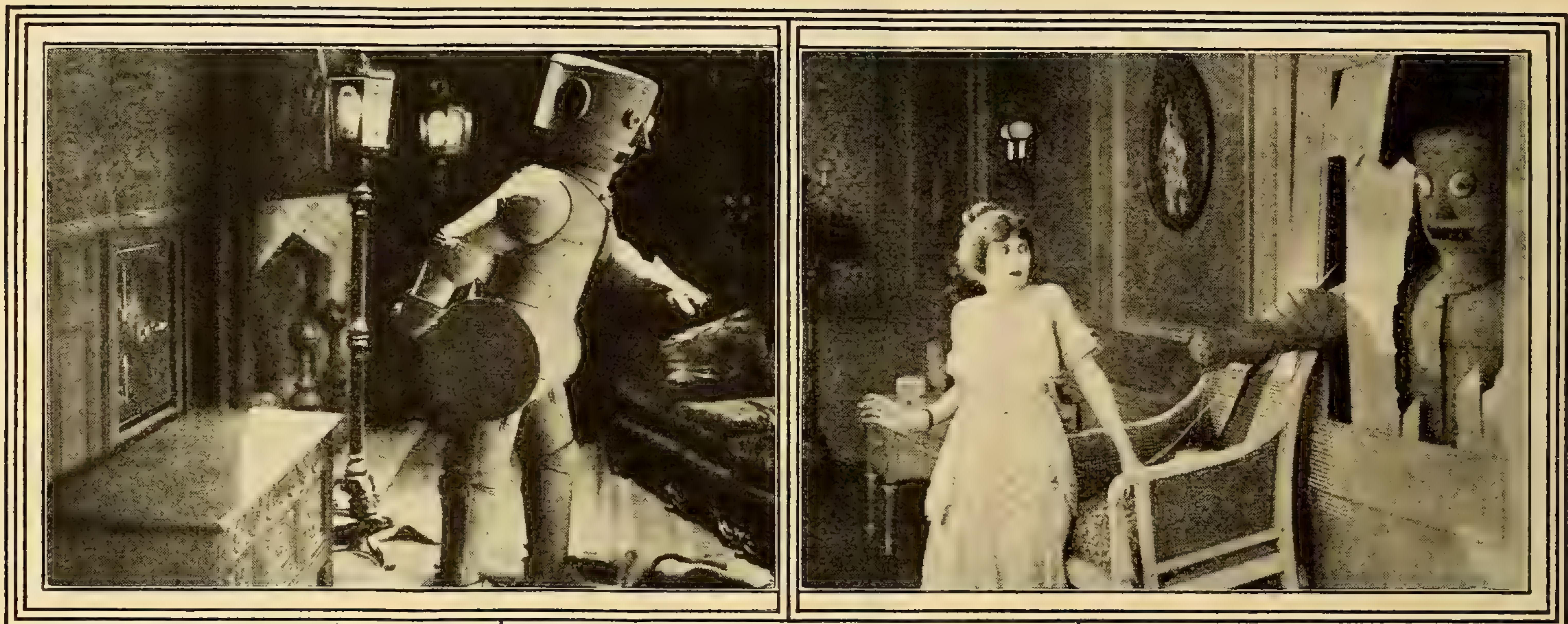
Who can say? The subject bewilders. To unravel it, a man would have need of the keenest vision. Perhaps the most plausible theory is that there exists a sort of tacit understanding between the sexes, whereby it is agreed that latent lingerie is to be seen but not mentioned.



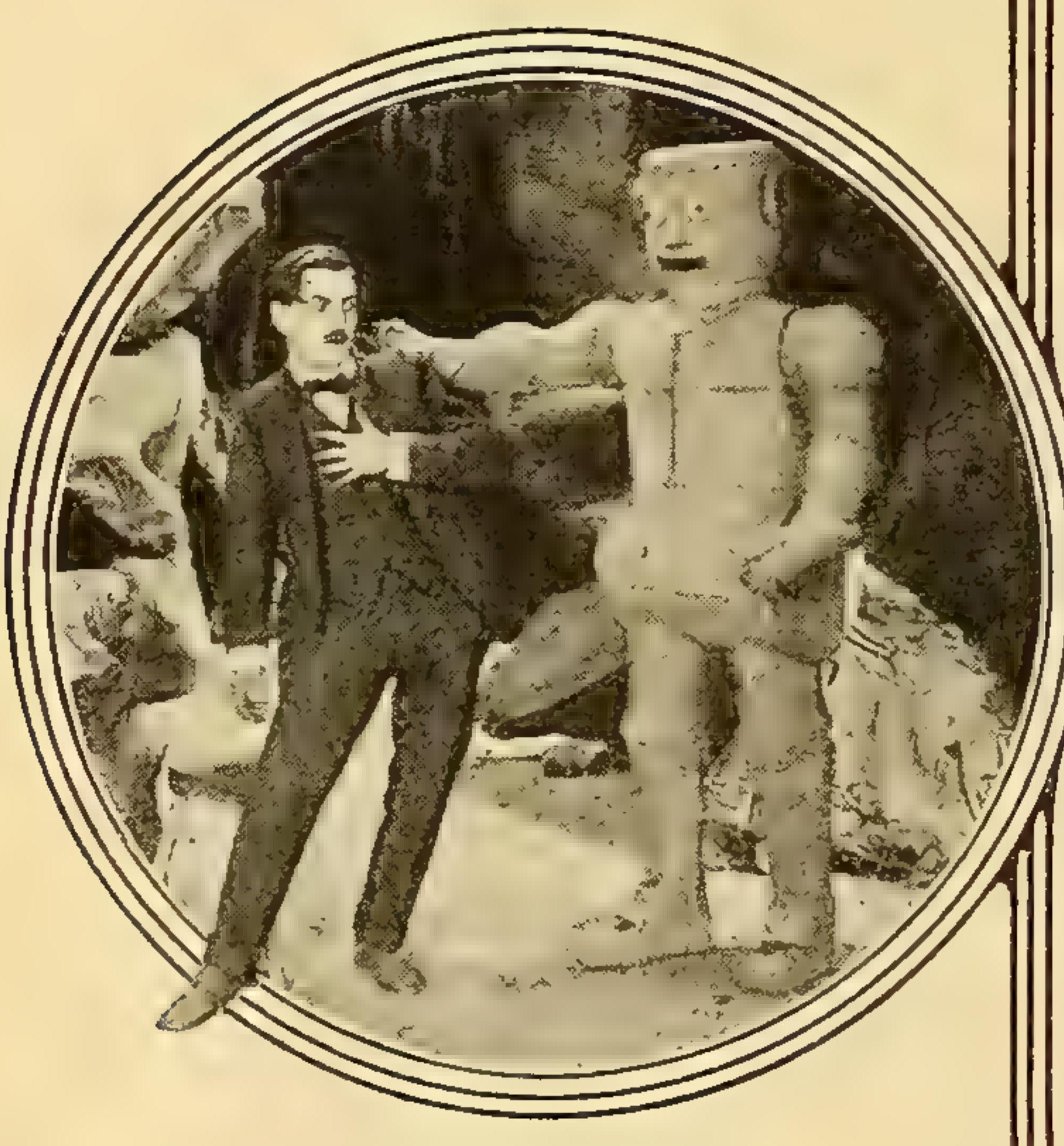
IT HAS COME TO THIS

"Say, Santa, old chap, would you mind going down and coming up again? The other film buckled."

Not a Hardware Department; It's a Mystery



1. "The Great Gray Mystery" wears a boiler and a steam-dome, and has a riveter for a valet.



3. Other movie actors may get points from the "Mystery" on facial expression.

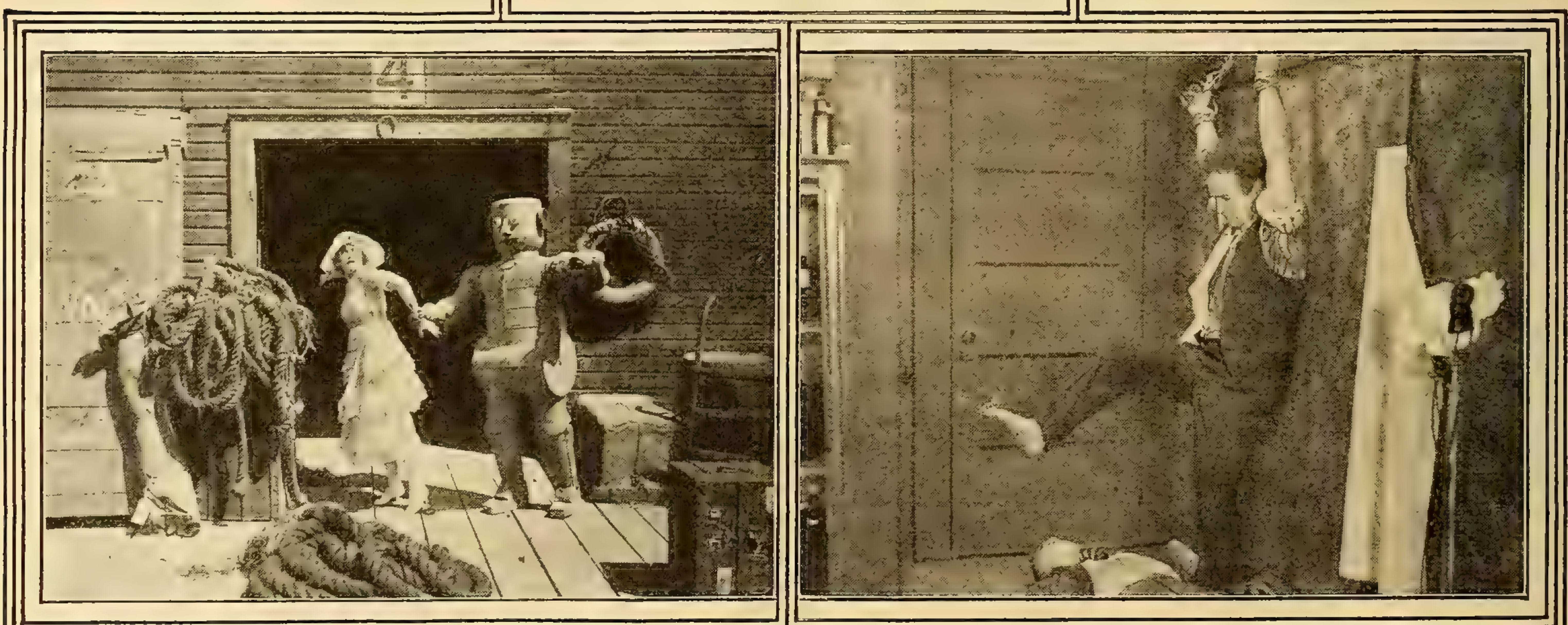
This Is But a Start

Houdini, the man for whom handcuffs have no terrors, is now being filmed in "The Great Gray Mystery." The unraveling of the latter is in episodes, fifteen of them, so nobody knows—yet—what it is all about, probably not even the author. Our pictures were selected with a view to showing a new and notable leading man, one who does not worry about the wave of his hair. He appears to be a combination of Frankenstein and a chafing dish. He is a product of an inventor-scientist whose intentions toward his fellow-men are fiendish. There is a girl, of course, and, naturally, she is "pursued"—very likely you will be able to trail her troubles in some Sunday paper; read them in the ——, see them on the screen.

2. No matter what you may say, this is positively no way to enter a lady's room after dark.



4. There are times when he suggests nothing so much as a foot ball captain, coaching.



5. The hard part of it is that a poor, pursued girl cannot tell by the "Mystery's" looks whether he is really mad or just fooling.

6. And—inasmuch as this is a Houdini show—Houdini himself. Perhaps he holds the key to the Mystery, as well as the door.

"Call the Devil and Tortured Souls at three o'clock"—so read the memorandum on the desk of the casting director at the studio.

"Evidently you haven't renounced the devil and all his works," I told that gentleman severely.

"Oh, this one is such a good little devil!" he deplored. "I admit his looks are against him, but he's only a Penny Specialist"—

"A—what?" I blinked, for the name was new to me.

"A penny specialist," the director repeated; "an extra person who specializes on some one line of work, and whom we use constantly for that certain type. This man isn't the only one; there is a large tribe of such people, and we call them 'penny specialists' because they don't get big money for the stuff they do."

"And this Devil"—I suggested.

"Is the best in the business," he finished. "He is so horrible in his Satanic make-up that he gives the camera man the fidgets. Did you see him as the Voodoo devil in 'The Sacrifice,' with Fannie Ward? Well, he loves hideous parts like that; gargoyles, demons, bottle imps and hob goblins are his specialty. Cecil Holland is his name."

The director leaned back in his chair and

The Tribe of Penny Specialists

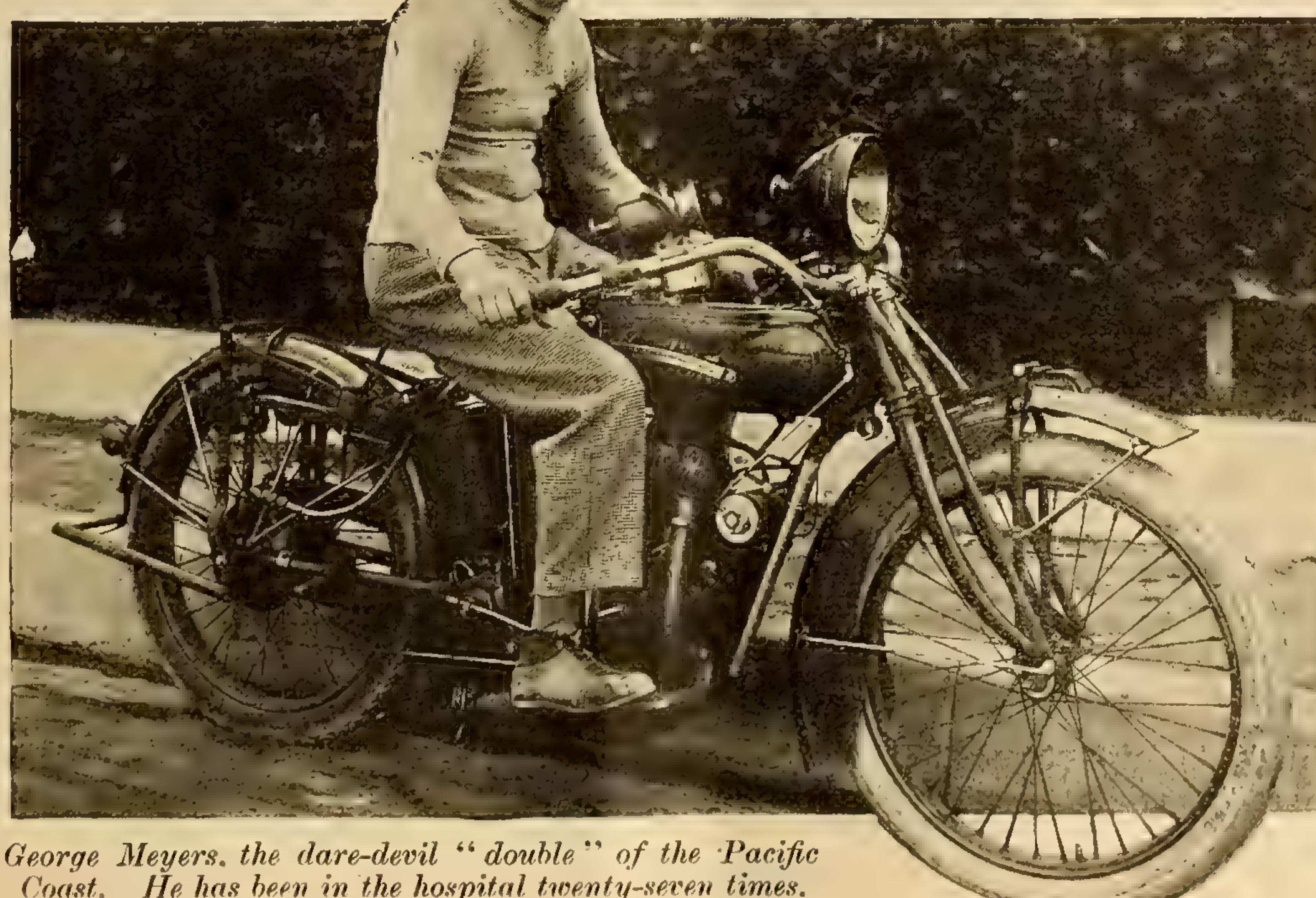
By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER



Virian Martin and the dog whose specialty is howling.

used to be a butler in real life, I believe, and he's tall and skinny and has a face like a funeral. He knows everything there is to be known about butling, and he takes magazines that keep him informed as to the latest styles in wearing apparel and serving for upper servants. 'Mac' Kinnon used to work opposite him. Mac was short and fat—a typical John Bull; but he joined the Canadian army at the beginning of the war.

"And did you notice the two benignant old preachers in 'We Can't Have Everything'? They are the two most famous 'dominie' specialists in the film world, and they never do anything else. Both have studied the rituals of every creed known to civilization, and they know the proper ceremonies for everything, from a Hebrew marriage to a Chinese funeral. One of them was even asked to take the part of an



George Meyers, the dare-devil "double" of the Pacific Coast. He has been in the hospital twenty-seven times.

checked off on his fingers some of the more prominent of the P. S. tribe.

"There was 'Pop' Leonard, for instance; he always took English butler parts. He had been Lord Kitchener's valet, and, gee! the things that man could tell! He used to reminisce by the hour—he's dead now, poor chap!

"Another butler you'll see in practically every society film we put on is 'Jay' Underhill. He



Mr. and Mrs. Wee Gee, with wee Wee, who are handy types to have around the studio for Oriental pictures.

Eskimo medicine man, and he never batted an eyelash; had all the props and costumes ready to hand, with the 'business' that went with the part.

"Oh, yes, and the cowboys; don't forget them. They're specialists in wild and woolly riding; they can pick up a hat from the ground while going by full tilt, or yank a maiden from a runaway auto with the same aplomb. The chief of this crew is 'Slim' Cole, an honest-to-goodness cowboy, with all the nerve there is. He specializes in doing things everyone else is afraid to do. If a Fairbanks picture calls for a wild ride across the desert on a motor cycle, with a thirty-foot fall from an embankment—as it did in 'Bound in Morocco'—Slim is on the job with bells; if someone is scheduled to fall down a mine shaft just as the dynamite is ready to explode—that's a Christmas party for him.

"Then there is the little Arabian hunchback, Tufee Fadhalla—called 'George' for short. He has turned his physical handicap into hard cash. He had a part as the *Witch's Son* in 'Sirens of the Sea,' and he was the dwarf jester in 'The King's Fool.'

"And don't overlook the 'specialists' who furnish the studios with animals. One man has a wonderful trick dog, 'Pat'; he worked with Vivian Martin in 'Mirandy Smiles,' and he is the only one who can 'howl the dog,' as we call it. He earns his

pay by sounding a peculiar high note which makes the little hound bay to the high heavens. And another man furnishes us with the camels we use in Oriental pictures. These ships of the desert refuse to cast anchor and get under way unless he is there, so he is always put in as a camel driver.

"Do you remember the old Southern lawyer in 'The Way of a Man with a Maid,' with Bryant Washburn? Perhaps you remarked that he looked like a Southern colonel. Righto! That's just what he is. He is a gentleman of the old school and only acts in the movies for fun. He was the United States minister to Peru in McKinley's administration, and he has the largest collection of llama rugs in America.

"If you are a connoisseur of types, perhaps you've noticed the high-caste young Hindoo, Rahm

Singh, with the complexion of a chocolate drop, who worked with Fairbanks and with Hayakawa? He is in France now, facing German guns instead of American cameras."

"And who is the Japanese valet I see so often with Hayakawa?" I asked.

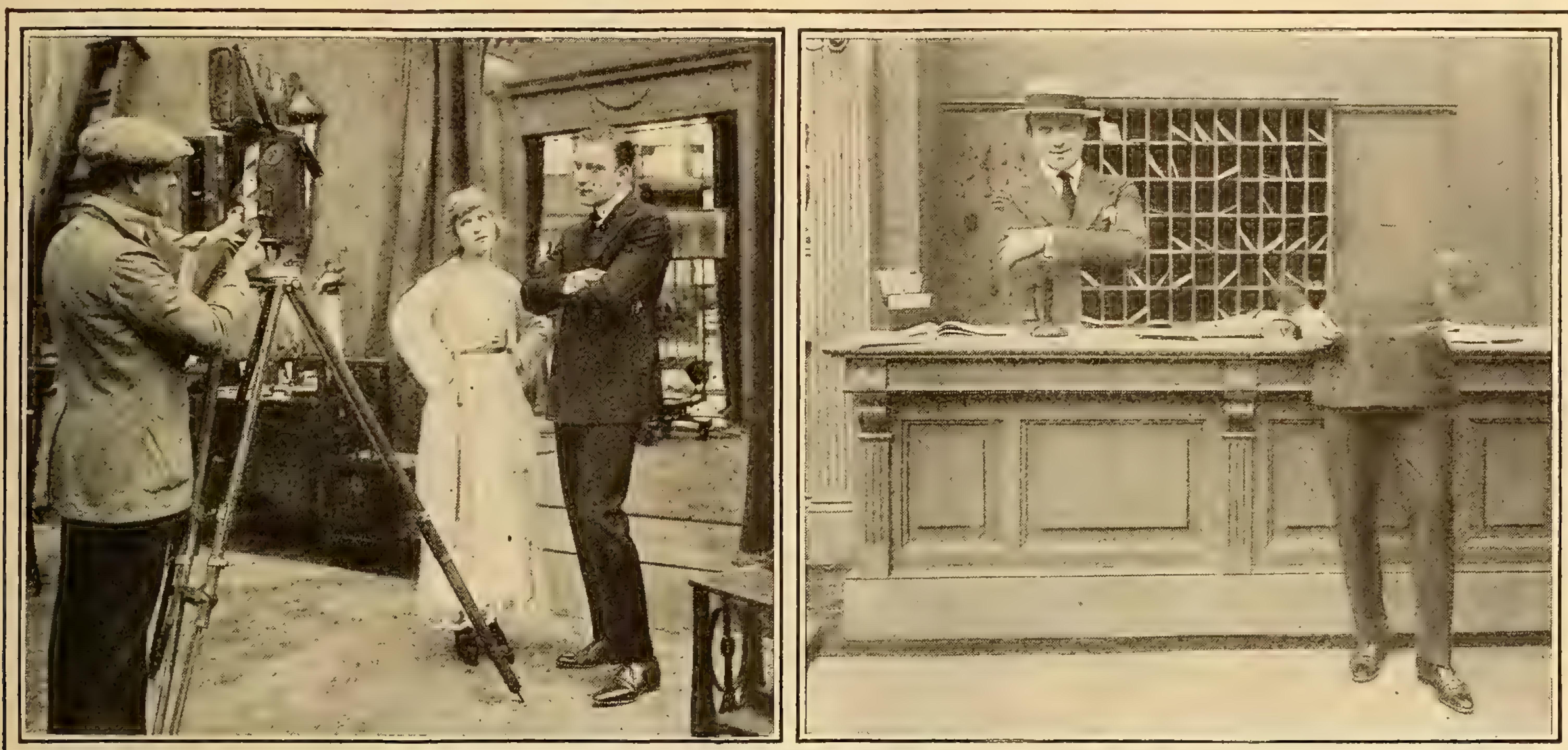
"George Kuwa," the director replied promptly. "He is a famous comedian in his own country, and perhaps you've noticed how he always manages to get in a bit of humor with the small parts he takes. I always call him

(Continued on page 30)



These Hindoos—here shown with Lila Lee—will stage you a small India anywhere in California you like.

Things That Happen With the Movies



When you have taken rains to do a clever bit of acting, wouldn't it make you mad to hear the director say, "No good! Have to do it all over. Film buckled."

Traveling in Hollywood

"I haven't seen you for a month or more. Where have you been?"

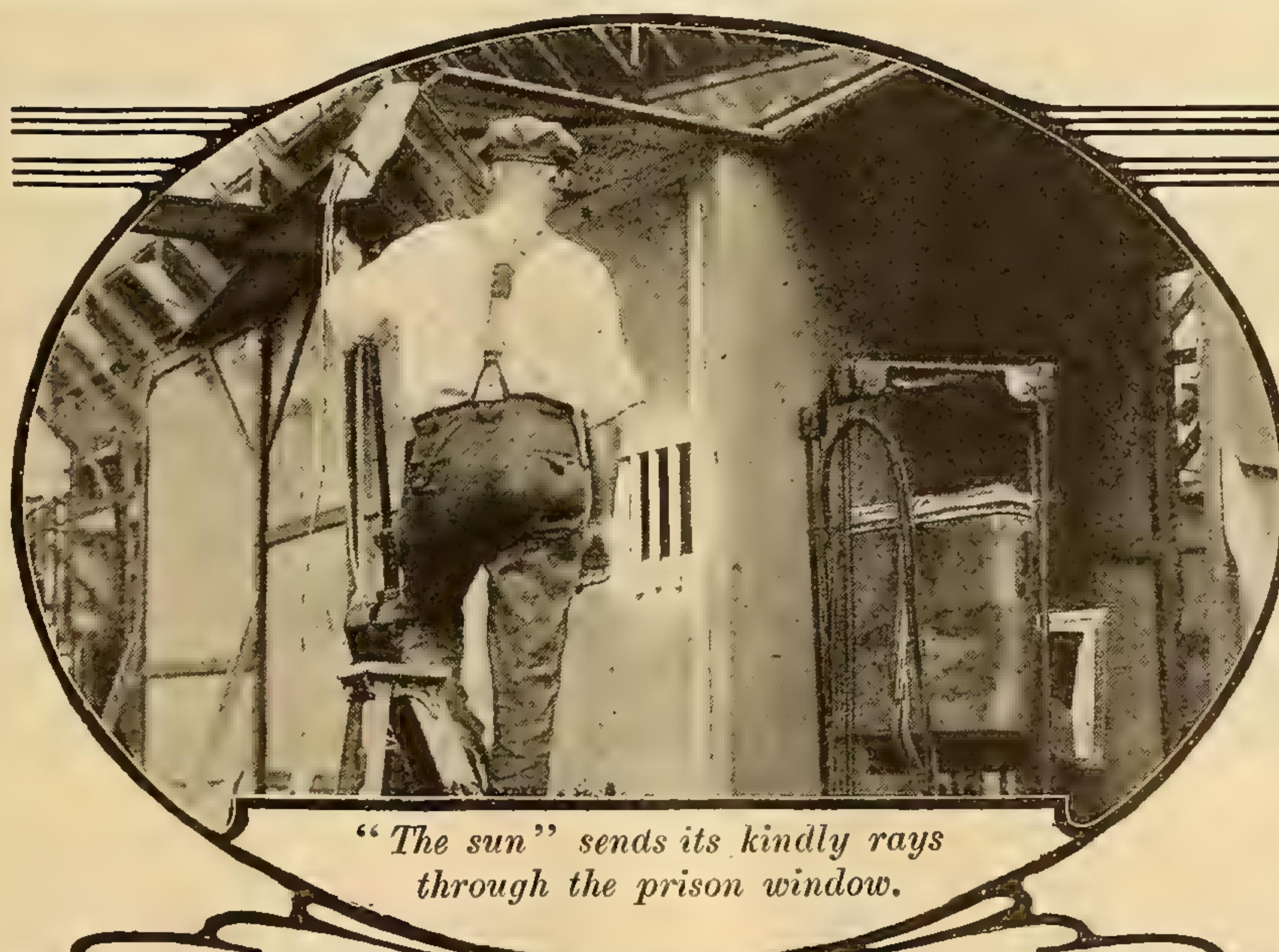
"In the Sahara Desert, the war zone, the north pole, the tropics and the Orient."

"Trying to kid me?"

"Not at all. You see, I'm a movie actor."

Exempt

He didn't have to go to war, because the authorities thought he was a great cataract surgeon, and hence very essential. He wrote on his questionnaire that he removed bad films from people's eyes. And he was only a Board of Censors man!



Elaborate studio device for detecting, unobserved, the value of a poker hand.

When a director tells you to move quick, the best plan is to move quick. Otherwise your predicament may be that of this man in the picture, who is neither here nor there.

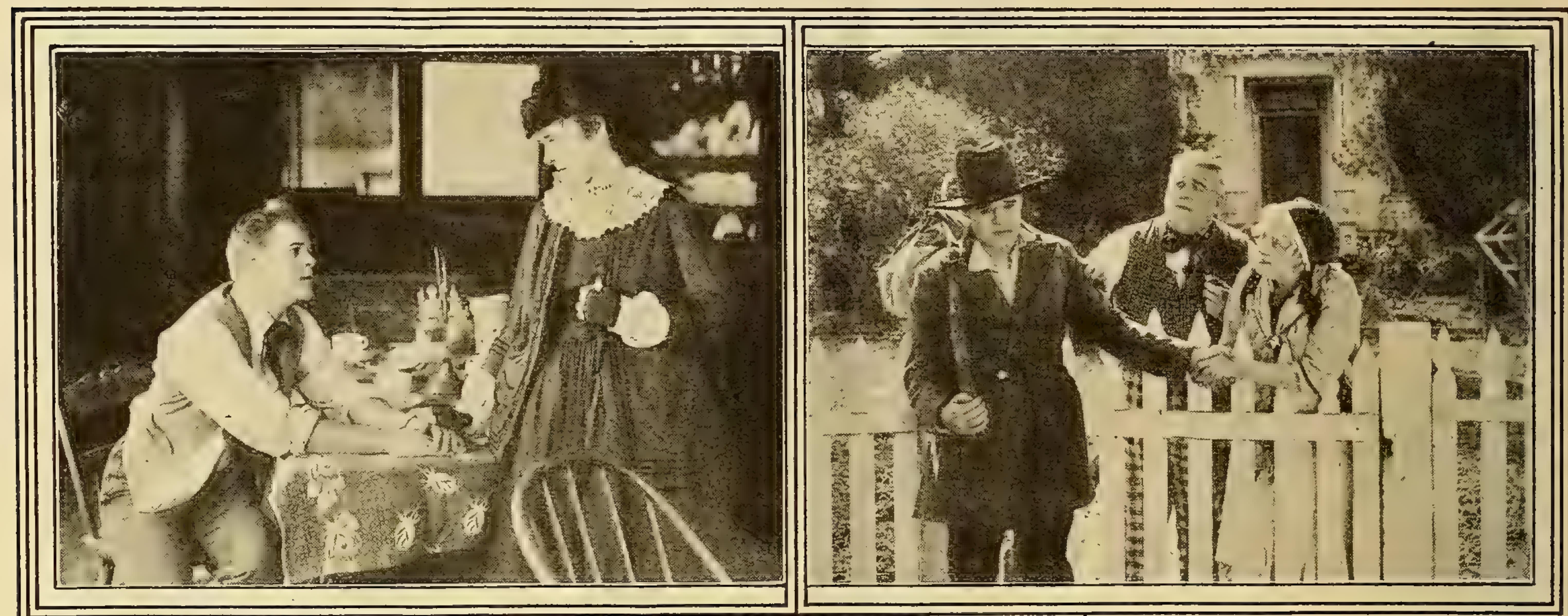
Ready, Bill! Action! Picture!

When the Kaiser formally surrenders, of course the moving picture cameras will have to be present. It is sincerely hoped that Wilhelm makes many mistakes or that something goes wrong with the camera, so that the scene will have to be taken over several times.

Apologies to Jack

This is the man that dynamited the dam that caused the flood that swept the villages that contained the hundred thousand actors that were employed in the spectacle that furnished a mere incident in the film that Griffith built.

James Whitcomb Riley's "A Hoosier Romance"



1. For daring to love Patience, John is "fired." Patience promises that she will wait for him—always.

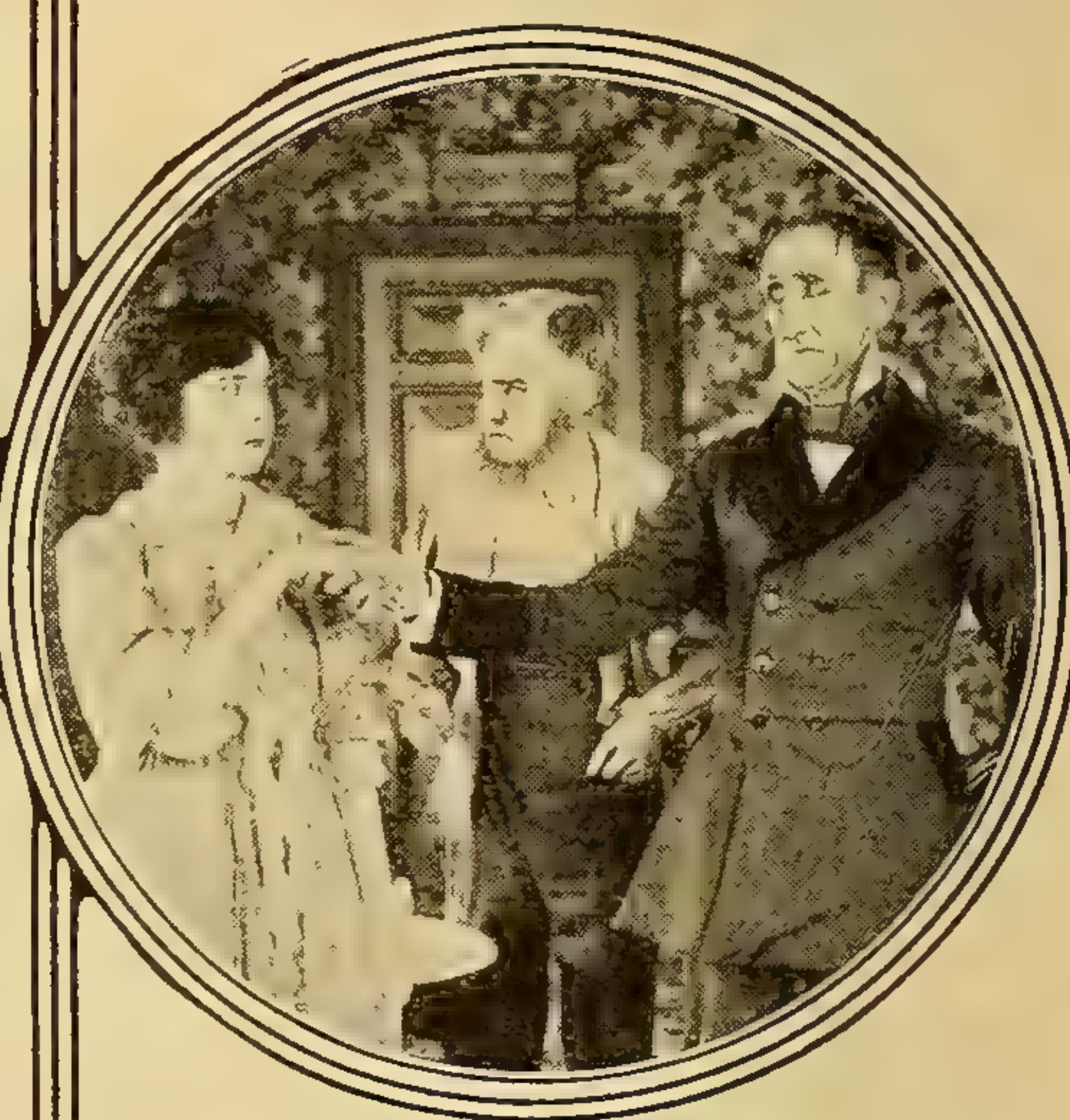


3. This is Jeff Thompson, a farmer of the old school, and a father whose "will is law."

The Story of the Play

Patience Thompson (Colleen Moore) is the daughter of a tight-fisted Hoosier farmer. *John*, a farmhand (Harry McCoy), loves her and is loved in return, but *Father Thompson* will have none of it and orders *John* off the place. A rich old widower is picked by *Farmer Thompson* as his daughter's husband, despite the efforts of a neighboring squire and his wife to help *John's* cause. The loveless marriage is about to take place when *John* returns, and by a ruse—*Farmer Thompson* and his son-in-law-elect pursue a riderless horse, thinking an elopement on—gets both obstructionists out of the way at once. When the pair return, *Patience* is *Mrs. John*, having been married by the squire.

2. His good friends, the Squire and wife, try to cheer John up a bit, but not with notable success.



4. Here is the husband he picks for Patience. "She'll marry you—I say so."



5. The day of the wedding. John returns at a critical moment.



6. Father Thompson and son-in-law-elect, rattled by the sham elopement, plan pursuit.

7. While they are gone, the wedding takes place—with John as the bridegroom.

A Peep at the Heart of the Movies



This loving finale—they call it a "clinch"—is the movie fan's notion of rapture and bliss.

But back in the studio—Say, it's a cinch that the actors more often would rather do this.

A Christmas Stunt That Went Astray

THE plump little man with the white beard and the red nose approached the all-powerful movie director.

"I have resisted the temptation for a long time," he began. "It didn't seem consistent with my dignity, it didn't seem sensible at my time of life, and yet—here I am."

"I see you are," answered the all-powerful one; "and now that you are here, what is your name and what can I do for you?"

The fat man's eyes twinkled, and he displayed the merriest dimples imaginable. Reaching into a formidable wallet, he drew forth a card.

"Hah! I thought as much," said the director. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Claus. In what way can we serve you?"

Santa Claus stroked his beard.

"Perhaps I can serve you," he replied. "You have read the poem, 'The Night Before Christmas,' of course. Well, for a long time I've felt that some record should be

made of my Christmas Eves beyond the mere record of printed words; in short, that I should do my stunt before the camera. It's quite a stunt, you know, that I do. I drive my reindeer up to the roof of a house, right up from the ground, and it's something you folks ought to have. It has always been considered, though I say it myself, a pretty large-sized sensation."

The all-powerful director smiled condescendingly.

"How tall is the house?" he inquired.

"Oh," replied Mr. Claus, "just an ordinary detached house. About two stories, maybe three. Really, I can't say."

"Plenty of room on the roof after you get there? Plenty of room for both you and the reindeer?"

"Oh, yes; plenty."

"Go back the same way?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Just slide off and light on soft snow? That the idea?"

(Continued on page 32)

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



A BOX OF CHRISTMAS CHEER, OR HOW CHRISTMAS CIGARS CAN SOMETIMES BE USEFUL

The Precocious Movie Kid

(An application to be filled in by the mother)

NAME—Baby Joyous Marie Jane.

ADDRESS—She lives at home.

AGE—She's a *lot* younger than she looks.

DOES SHE GO TO SCHOOL?—She doesn't need to; she's been around studios and knows everything.

APPEARANCE—Most beautiful child in the world.

COLOR OF EYES—Bluest eyes in the world.

COLOR OF HAIR—Loveliest color in the world.

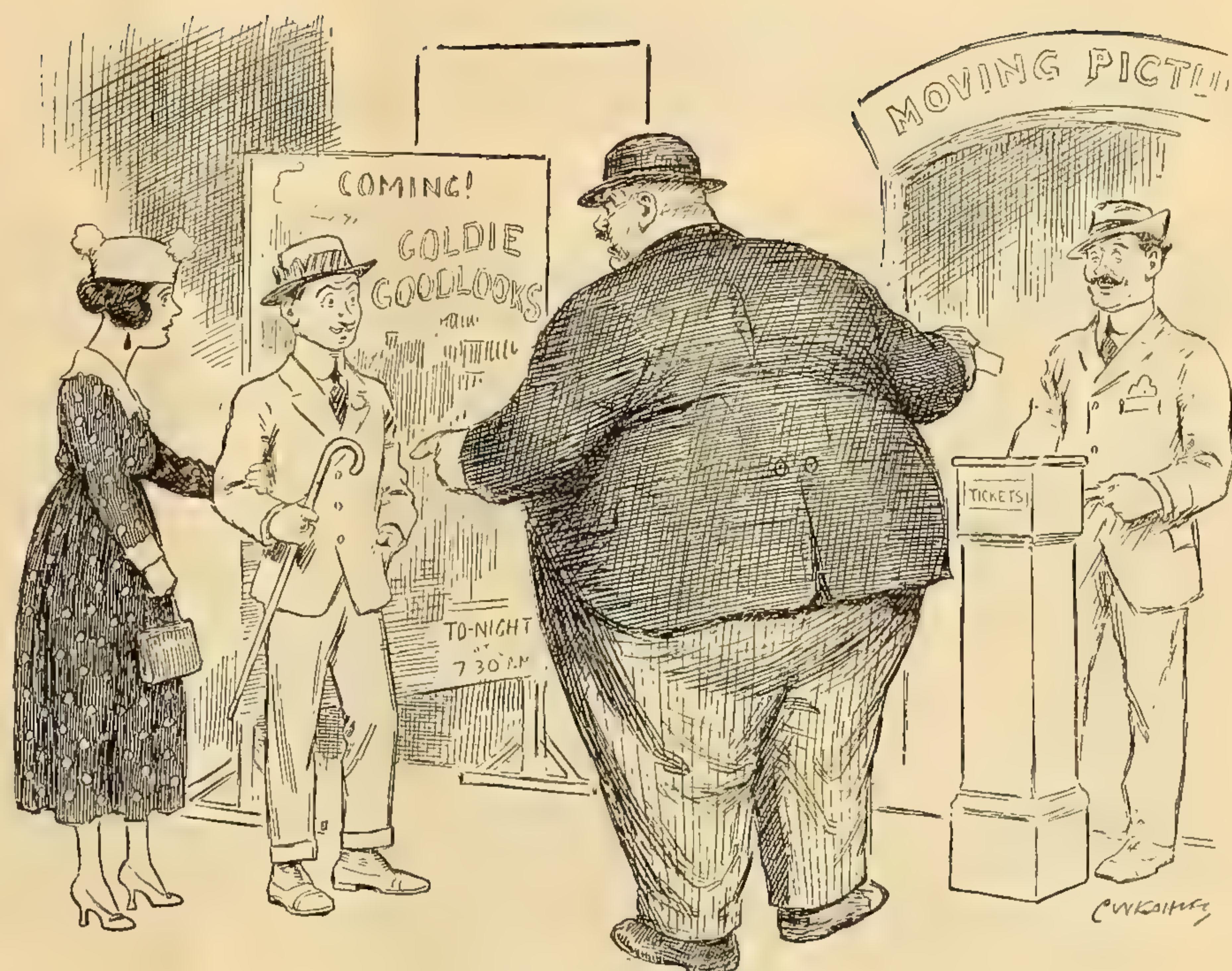
EXPERIENCE—Cleverest child in the world.

WHAT COMPANIES ACTED WITH?—All of them.

NAME SOME OF THE PARTS—She was to have been the lead in "Jack, the Giant Killer," but Cutey Isobel's mother persuaded them to take her child, who is homely as can be, so I wouldn't let Joyous take it, anyhow. She was nearly the lead in another picture, but she had a stomachache, which stopped it, and she has been in other pictures, too. She's another Mary Pickford, and when she grows a bit, she'll take her place, you see— (No more room.)

SALARY—Enough to keep her pa and me comfortable.

EXTRA INFORMATION—She's the cutest child and says the funniest things. Only the other day she said to her pa — (The rest is scratched out by inhuman filing clerk)



A SOFT ANSWER

The large one—Say! Did you call me a big moving van?
The little one—No; I said movie fan.

Progress of the Serial

In number one the mystery
Commences to develop;
The hero, smooth to a degree,
Is called upon for hellup,
And straightway things begin to buzz.
Move lively? Well, I guess it does!

In two they tumble down the cliff;
In three she is abducted;
In four they would be goners if
They'd not been well constructed.
Blown up by dynamite in five,
In six they bob up much alive.

And each succeeding episode
With worser thrills is teeming.
They're killed and rescued a la mode;
The villain keeps on scheming.
With bated breath the young things tell
Each other: "Gee, that picture's swell!"

—Ed. F. Noble.

Unusual

"Why do you say that picture acting isn't an art?"
"Because there's so much money in it. The actors and actresses don't starve in attics."

Inspiration

"Now register greed," megaphoned the director.
But the actor failed lamentably. Then someone pressed a key of a cash register in the adjoining set.
And, lo! ne'er was such greed registered.

Cruel

"Did you and your wife go to the opera last night?"
"No; to the movies."
"Then why were you carrying a pair of opera glasses?"
"My wife makes me look at the picture through the big end of the glasses whenever there's a bathing comedy."

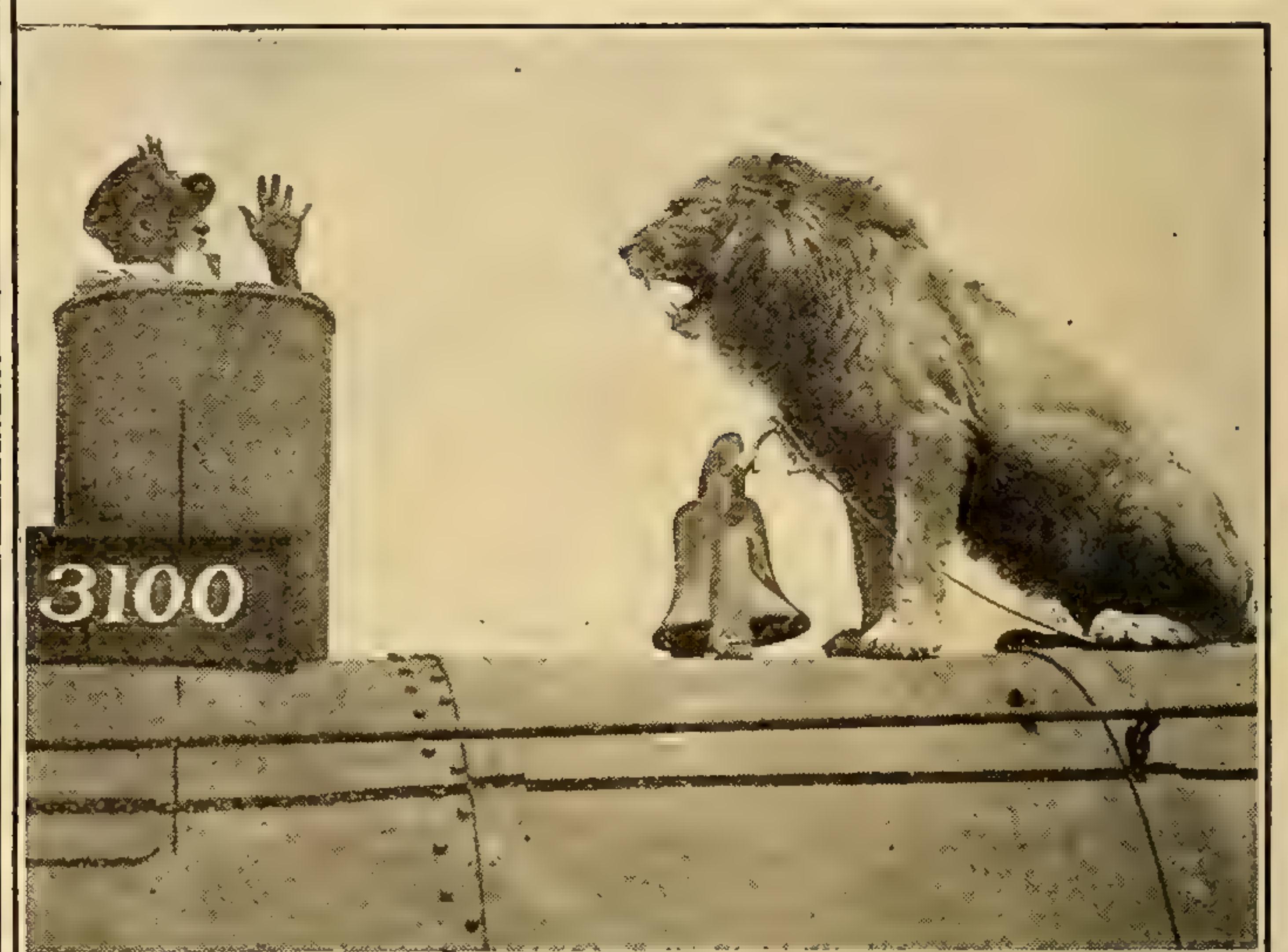
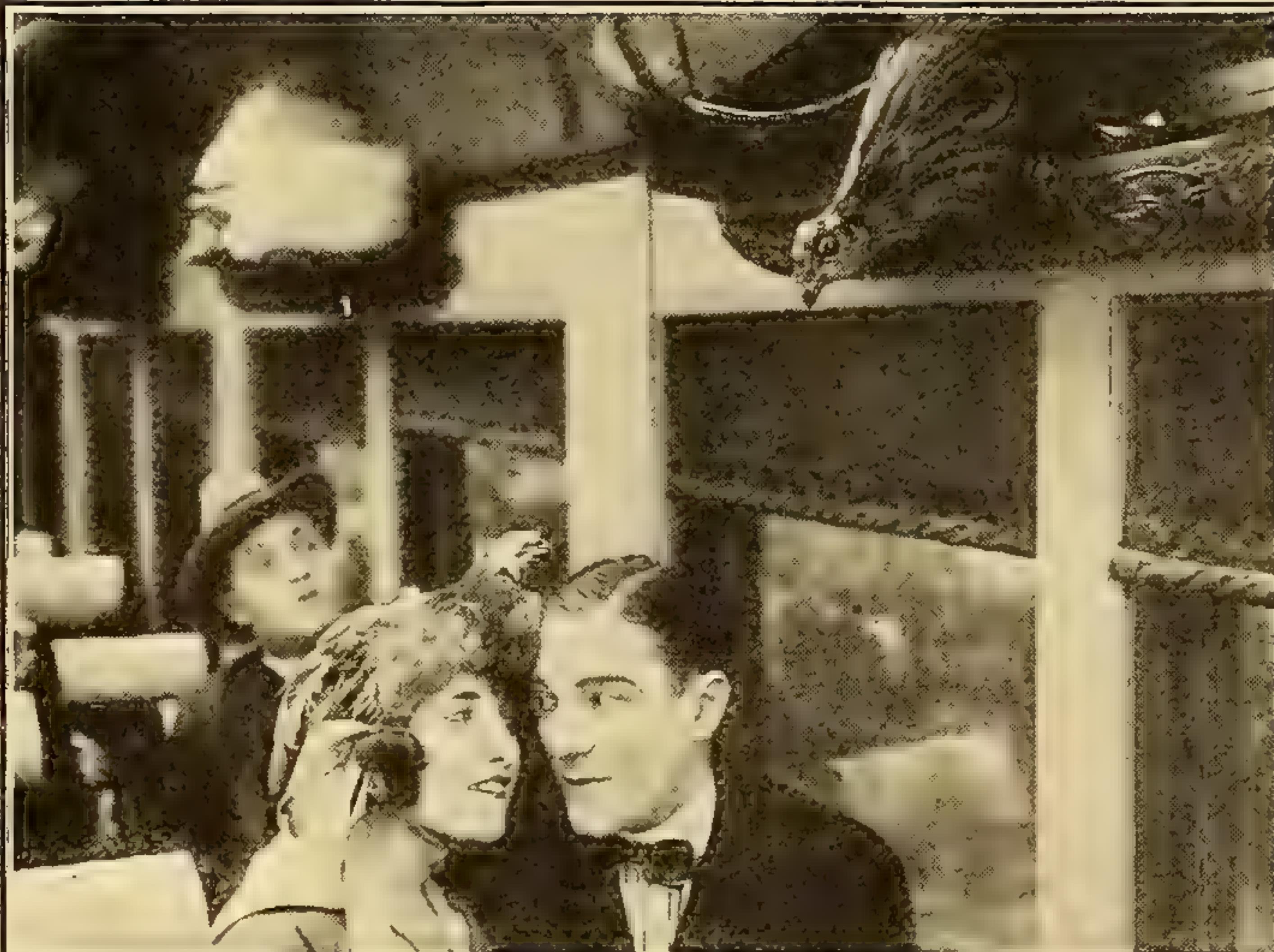


THE PASTRY DRIVE

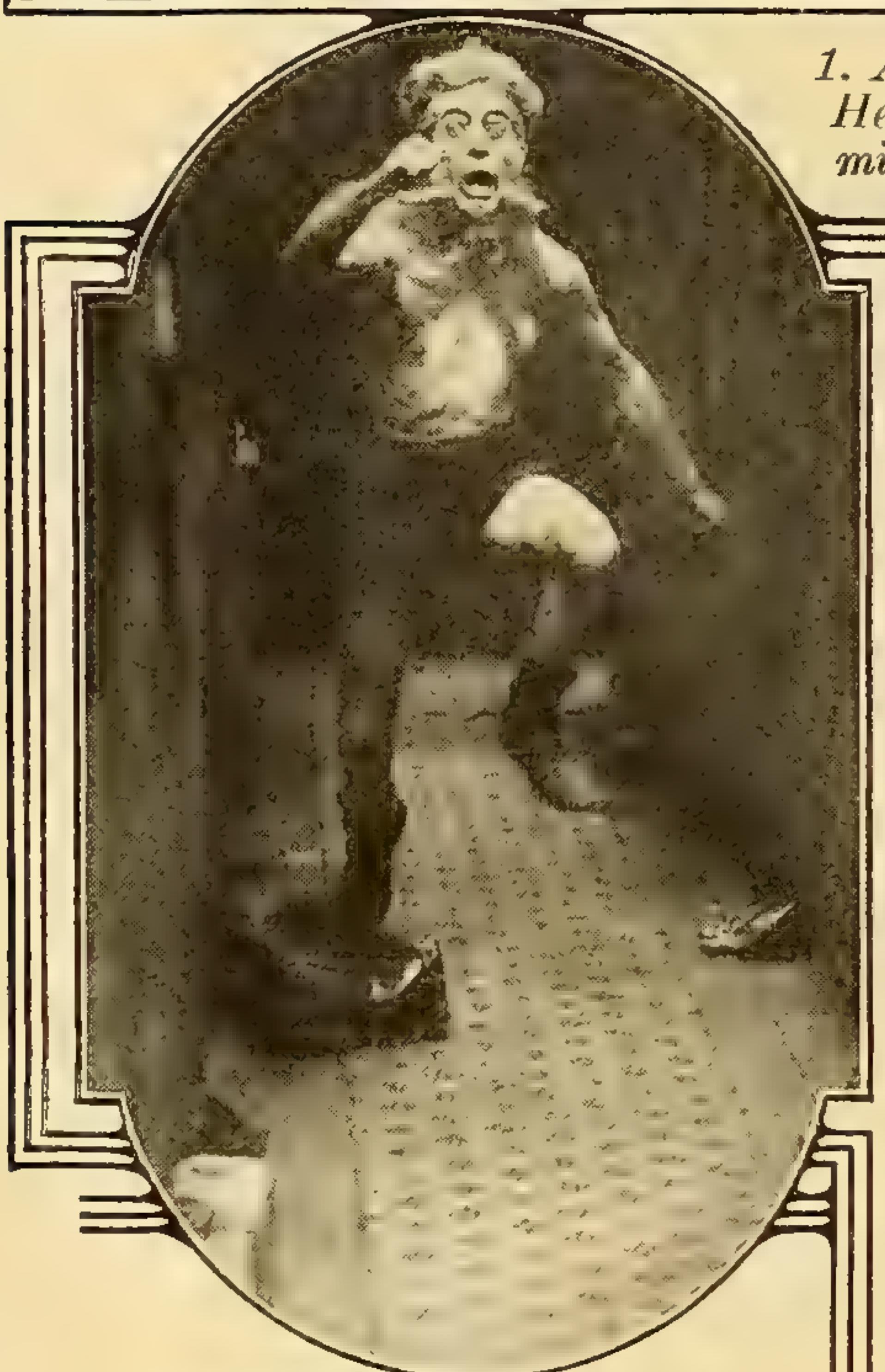
Katherine Lee is little, but not too little to heave a pie.

FOX

A Train Not Under Control of Director McAdoo



1. A preliminary bout: the Hen versus the barnyard millinery. No decision.



3. A passenger, late of the wash-room, becomes acutely alarmed about something.

2. The Lion starts on his rambles; the porter fancies the smokestack.



4. Very likely it was the lion; lions being unusual in sleeping cars.

The Why and Wherefore

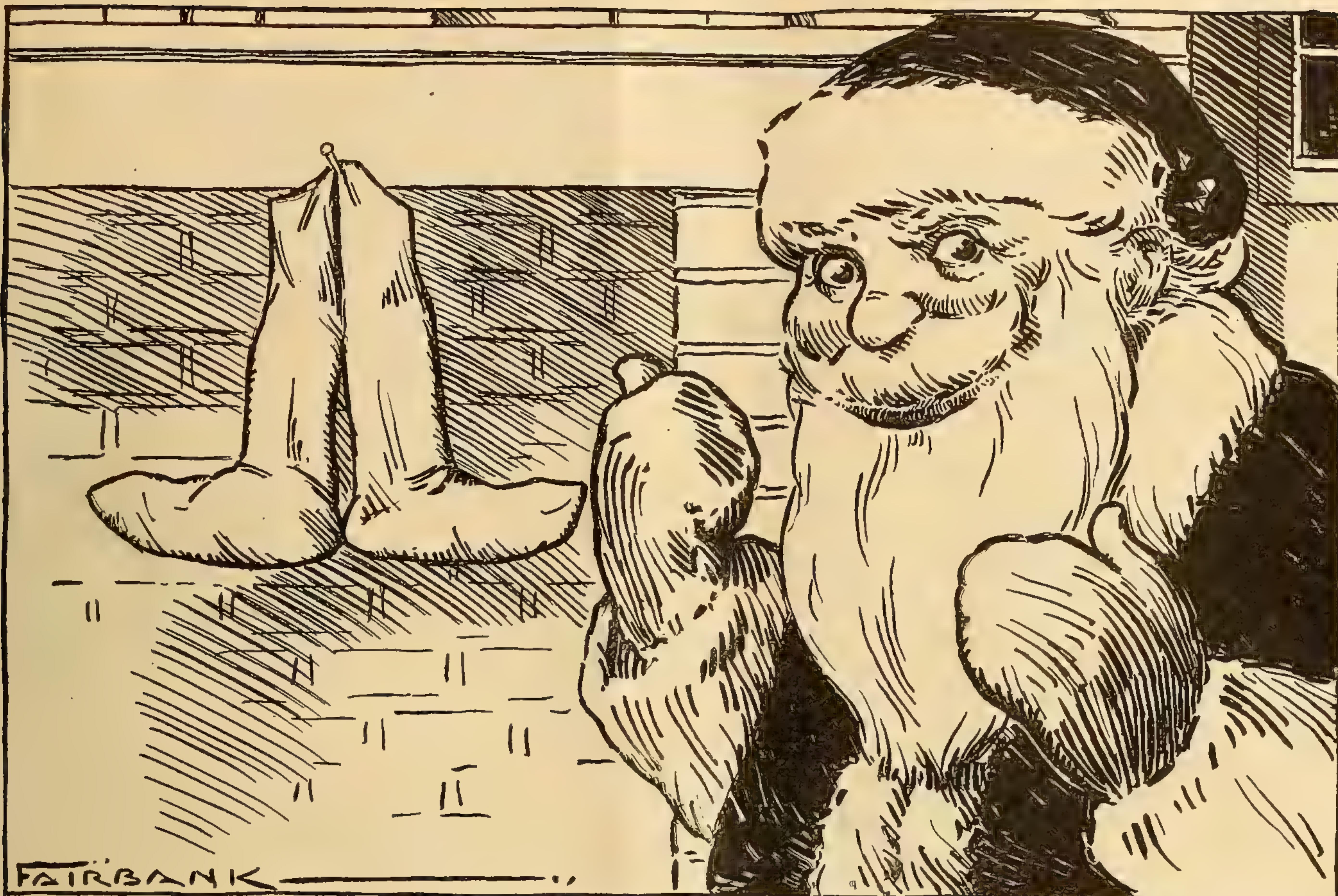
Rash would he be who attempted a coherent synopsis of a Sunshine comedy; all one can hope to do is to shed a few rays of light. "Roaring Lions on the Midnight Express" is staged on a train. That much the title indicates. It is a journey without monotony. Continuity of narrative, however, is prevented by frequent entrance into tunnels; when the train emerges, the pictures are about something else. Among those pretty generally present throughout are the Lions—bored and blasé, but real—a horse in a suitcase, a much alive hen and a mysterious passenger whose odd appearance is explained by a startling discovery; he has brought his whole family along for the price of one fare.



5. Economy is pocket-money; the suitcase of the mysterious passenger contains his horse; the carpet-bag, his son.



6. As for his wife and the rest of the family, the conductor finds them readily, once the shawls are removed.



BY THE EXPRESSION OF THE FEET
Santa Claus—Ha, Ha! Easy to see who lives here—Charlie Chaplin.

The Seats of the Mighty

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MANY have been the times I have gazed at historical relics. I have also sat in the chairs which George Washington and his Martha have sat in.

I have traveled along the same little local railway line which only has the excuse for being in existence that it carried His Majesty, King George, then the Prince of Wales, to a fishing village in Nova Scotia, where he had a little rest from being a prince. I also had breakfast at the same inn where he had had breakfast, and ate eggs, not because they were the usual breakfast food, but because the erstwhile prince had ordered eggs—though they were not, I am glad to report, eggs laid at the same date.

I have leaned against a cushion which the Duke of Kent leaned against. I have a great-aunt who shook hands with Lincoln. A great-grandmother had the audacity to sit in John Adams's lap, but I have been assured that she was a little girl at the time, and little girls are privileged.

Queen Mary bowed to me once—and to about a thousand or more people at the same time; and I shrieked out something from a window on the twentieth story of a downtown building when Marshall Joffre came to town—it was something awfully nice I said. And he smiled. Of course I am sure it was because of what I said.

So had we all had our moments of pride. And such were the moments I thought which would make anyone proud, until I saw my most modern friend the other day.

"My dear," she said, "don't you love my new studio apartment?"

"I do," I replied; "but just why do you have a studio? You don't need the light for painting or writing or modeling statues."

"I may begin," she said, laughing, "to do something artistic. Isn't it lovely here? Perfectly lovely? And, my dear, such a wonderful thing as I have! Sit on that couch, my dear. Sit on it."

I sat. The couch seemed rather usual, but comfortable enough, and, anyway, I preferred it to the new-old-fashioned chairs.

"You'll never guess to whom that couch belonged," she said.

"Oh, yes, I'm sure I can," I said. "George Washington? General Grant? Theodore Roosevelt? General Pershing?"

To each she shook her head. "You can't guess! I didn't believe you could," she said proudly.

"That couch," she continued, "belonged to none other than Theda Bara—and, my dear, it makes one feel so—well—so like a vampire when one sits on it."

I hadn't felt like a vampire in my brief rest upon the couch, however, but I certainly did feel that the times had changed and that historical figures, poor dears! had been forced to give way before the power of the motion picture actress.

The Lure of the Film

A NATTY young lieutenant came to visit us last night; We thought we would be entertained with stories of the fight.

He'd been in many battles and had grappled with the foe, And there were lots of thrilling things of which we ached to know.

We hustled through our dinner, and then gathered round our man;

He cleared his throat, drew up his chair, and here's how he began:

"Well, I see that Douglas Fairbanks is still pulling off his tricks, And the rough-house, slapstick artists haven't run all out of bricks.

Ham and Bud still keep 'em laughing; Theda Bara makes 'em bawl,"

Said this natty young lieutenant. Oh, the movies gets them all!

I saw old Doctor Sproggins talking earnestly and low To Professor Cyrus Highdome; what he said I do not know. But it must have been a line of talk that didn't get across, And it started Cyrus arguing until his voice grew hoarse. "My dear colleague," he ended up, "your theory is absurd." Then Doctor Sproggins raised his voice, and this is what I heard:

"No, I haven't seen Bill Farnum, but, professor, I repeat That for laugh-producing humor Charlie Chaplin can't be beat. Miss Pickford may be all you say, but I like Ella Hall"; Thus spoke old Doctor Sproggins. Yes, the movies gets them all!

—Michael Gross.



ANOTHER VICTIM OF MOVIE-ITIS

A Magic Vest

"Every time I put this vest on, the telephone rings," said Daniel Gilfether, the distinguished old actor who lends such grace and dignity to Balboa Feature Films.

They were up in the mountains shooting wild stuff for a Gloria Joy play, and while waiting for the baby star to change from finery to rags, Gilfether started a gabfest.

"What's the connection?" asked Director Macdonald.

"I have never been able to figure it out, but I can tell you how it started. I was playing in Chicago when a big haberdashery advertised a sale of fancy vests. I bought five, and, just for my generosity, the clerk gave me one—this one. As you may see, it looks like a cross between a cross-barred cranberry pie and a scrambled rainbow.

"When I returned to the hotel in the evening, I tried on the vests before dinner. I had tried all the rest, posing before my mirror, and had just donned this sartorial cataclysm, when my 'phone rang and the sweetest voice I ever heard said:

"I like the bright-colored one best. Please wear it for me at dinner. Good-by."

"I bribed every bellboy, maid and 'phone girl in the place, but couldn't find out the owner of the voice. Did I wear the vest? Well, I guess yes! I would have worn that vest if they had arrested me for murder—and they did nearly—but to no avail. No eyes ogled me except in horror at such display of sartorial degeneracy."

"I walked eighty-five miles through corridors and parlors, lobbies and promenades, but not an eye of beauty regarded me except to flash disdain."

"How'd she see you tryin' 'em on?" inquired Macdonald.

"Search me!" said Gilfether. "But the marvel of it is that every time I put on that vest, my 'phone instantly rings."

Both Sides

A censor I would hate to be,
Because they're hated so;
A censor I would like to be—
They see what "doesn't go."



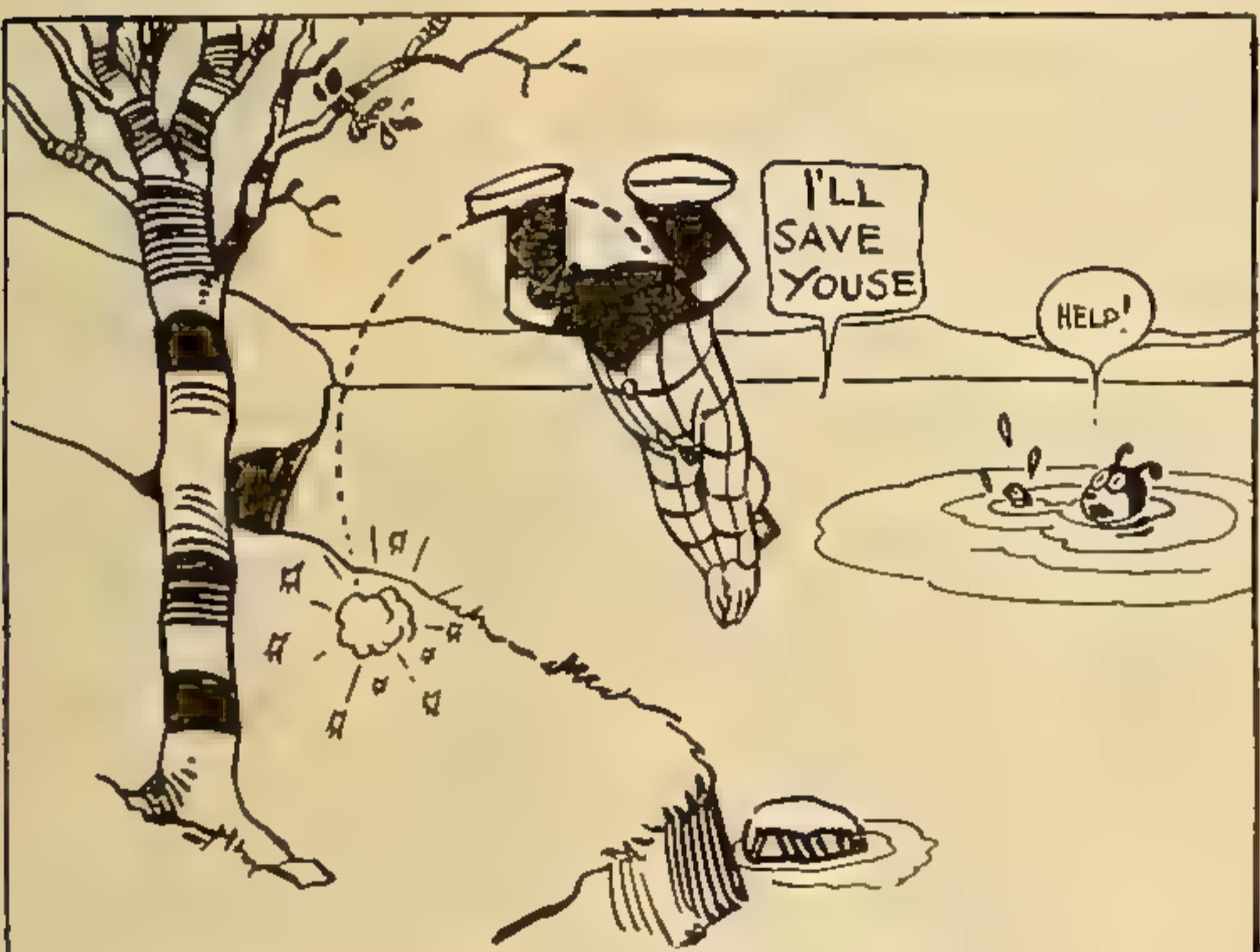
TECHNIQUE

Photographer—When you let go, face the camera.

A Bold Bad Man



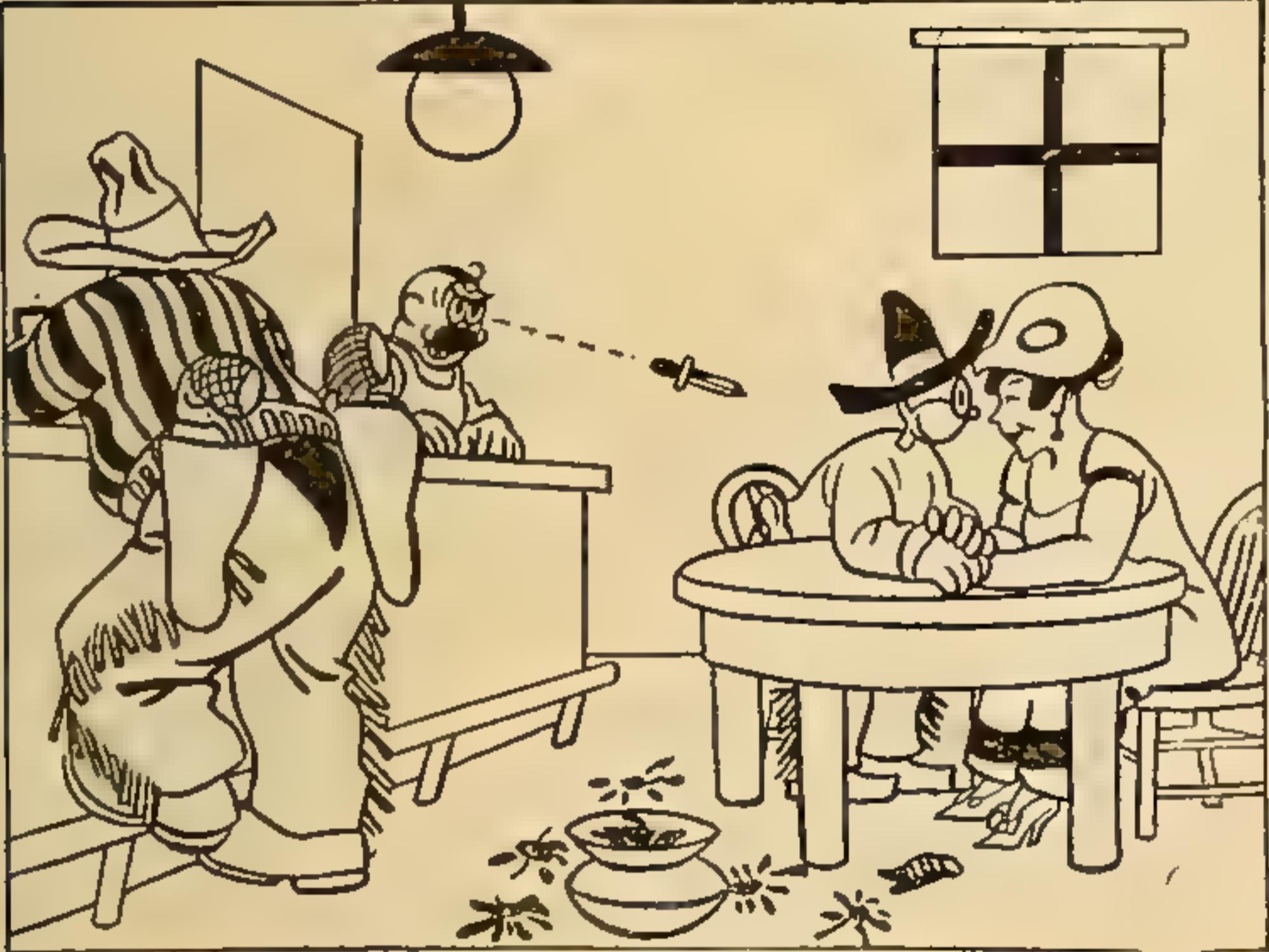
1. Uncle Happy starts his story.



2. Hooligan to the rescue.



3. Happy turns highwayman.

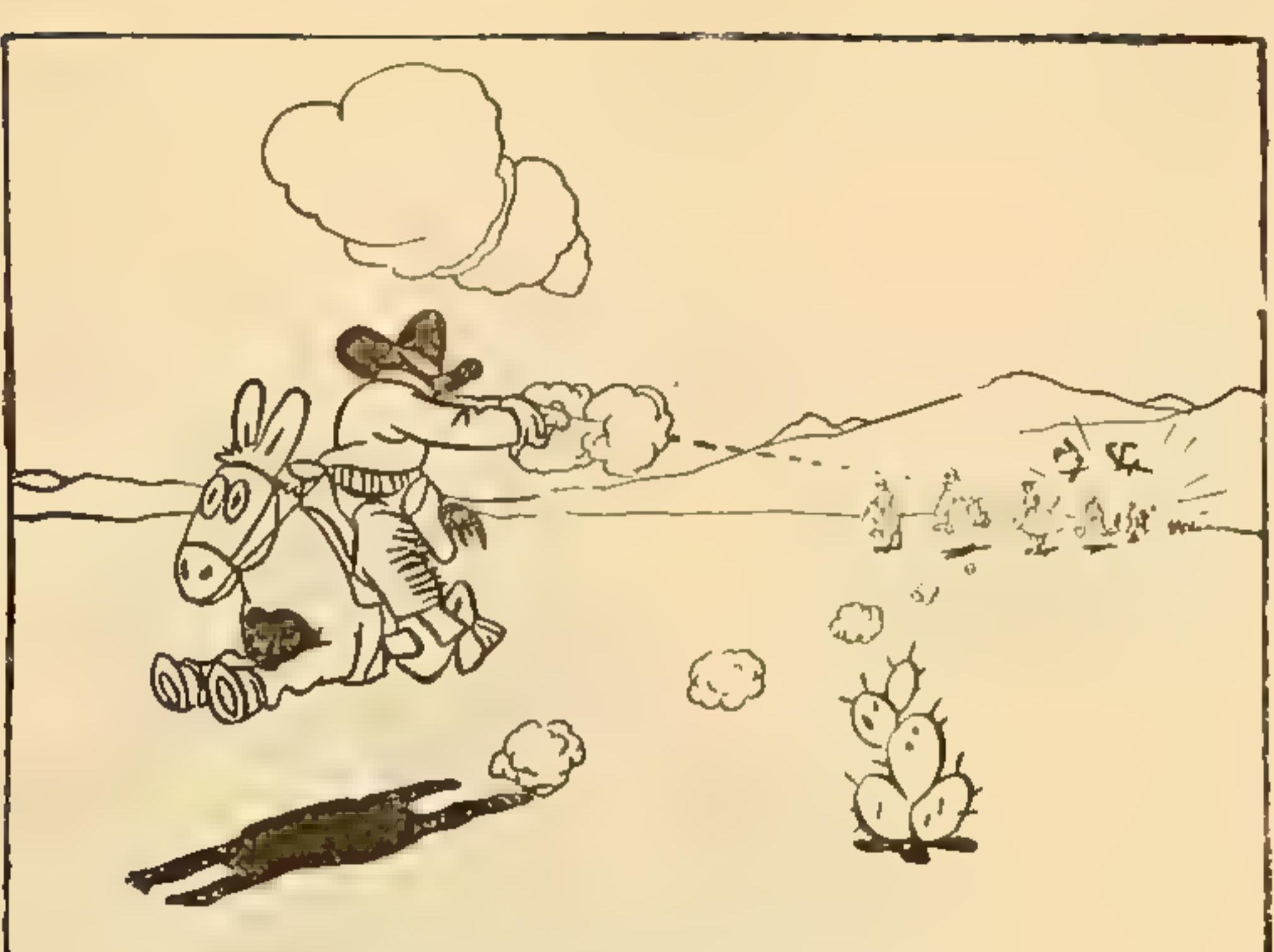


4. The barkeep is jealous.

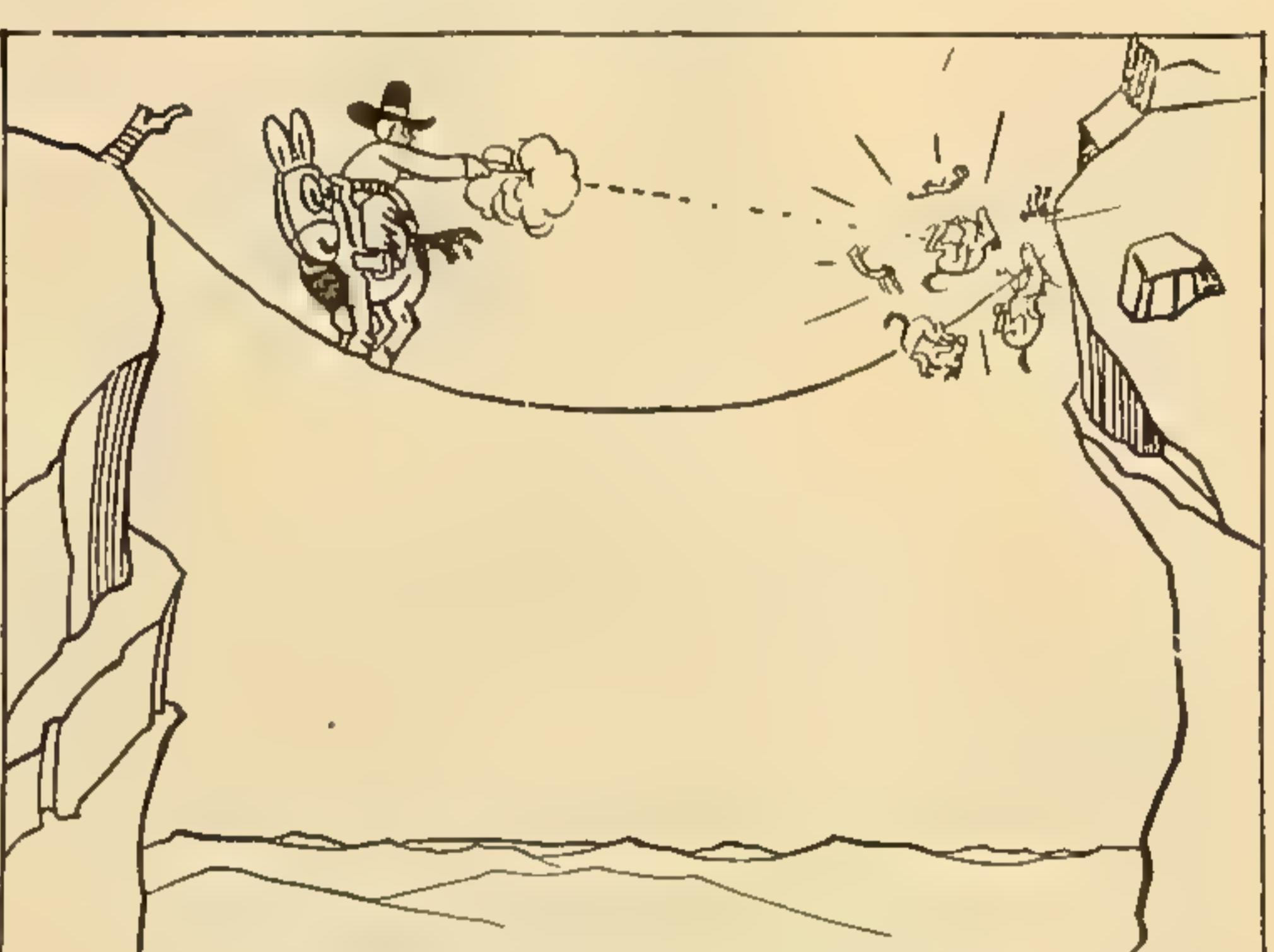


5. And betrays Happy.

WESTWARD the course of comedy wings its way. Indeed, the Bill Harts and Nate Salisburys and all others who wish us to take our Wild West seriously had better organize a counter-attack, or, first thing they know, an audience will laugh in their most thrilling reel because something in it reminds them of Fatty Arbuckle or Happy Hooligan. Happy is the latest movie star to take Horace Greeley's advice and go West. Accompanying are views which give some slight idea of what he does to and with the West in "A Bold Bad Man." No one is required to "double" for Happy; he does all the hard stunts himself without flinching. The man who made the tomato can famous, with characteristic Hooligan helpfulness rescues a strange bloodhound from a watery grave; that by way of prelude. Later he doffs his tomato can for a sombrero, turning highwayman and holding up a mail coach. (Note the hands-up realism of the horses in picture No. 3.) A pen-and-ink frontier town becomes too warm for him, and he "animates" to the open desert. The sheriff—a Western movie would be Hamlet-minus-Hamlet without a sheriff—pursues him with dogs and a posse, but Hooligan scatters snuff as well as bullets in his getaway, and the posse suffers severe casualties. Hooligan is finally treed, but a violent, snuff-inspired sneeze by a relentless bloodhound, last of the pursuers, shakes Happy loose from his hold and he falls. Then occurs a Bernard Shaw "Androcles and the Lion" finish; the relentless bloodhound recognizes in Hooligan the man who saved him from drowning. (Attention is specially called to the graphic "flashback" in picture No. 9.) Whereupon all ends happily and Hooliganly.



6. The chase in the desert.



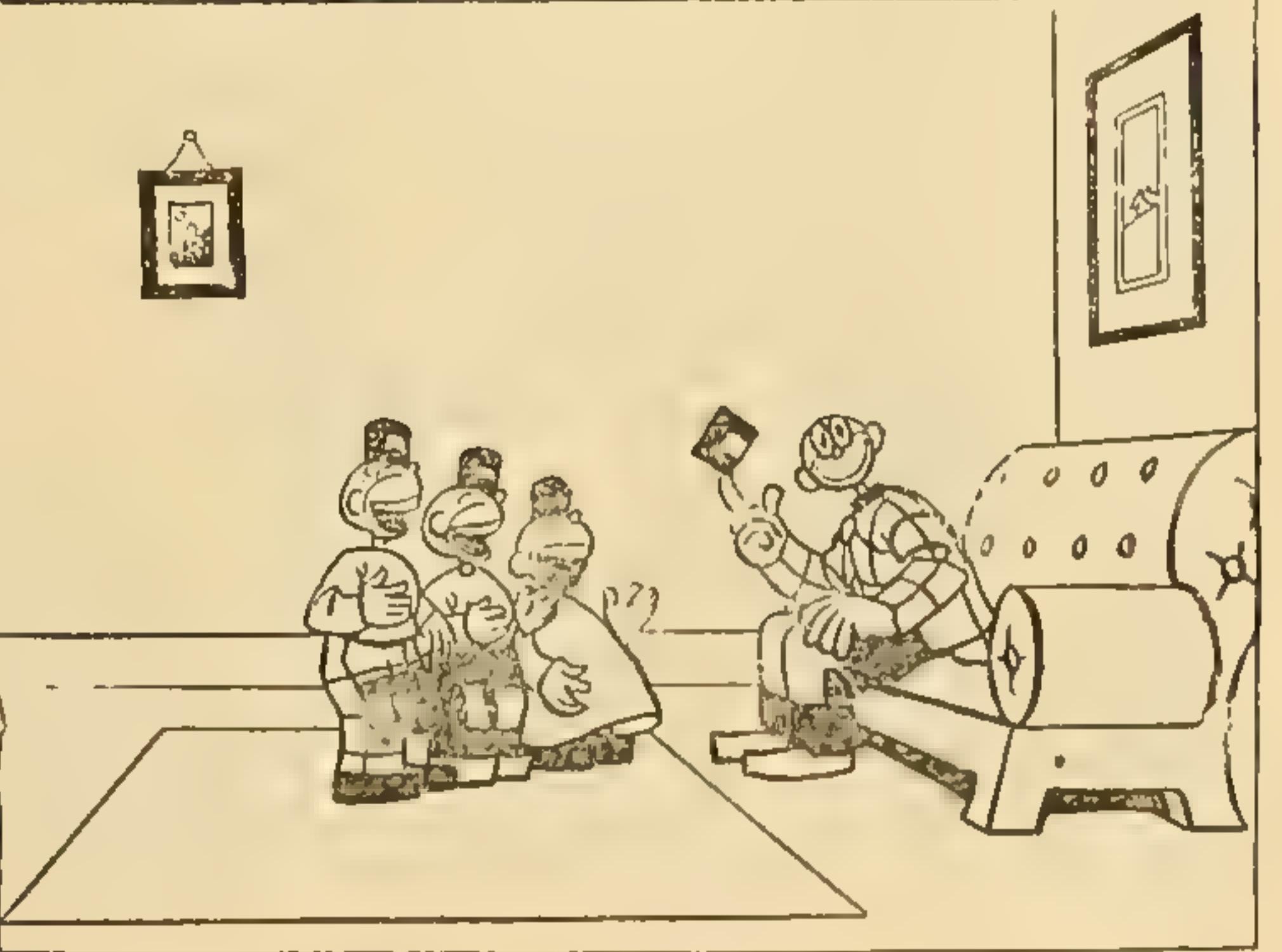
7. Bill Hart please copy.



8. The dot on the sky is Happy.



9. A bloodhound's gratitude.



10. The appreciative audience.



PUTTING IT OVER

The maiden was vexed.

"I know," said she, "that I am not the first girl you loved—you make love so beautifully."

"Oh, I learned that from watching moving pictures," said the quick-thinking young man.

Whereupon the maiden was satisfied.

Requisites

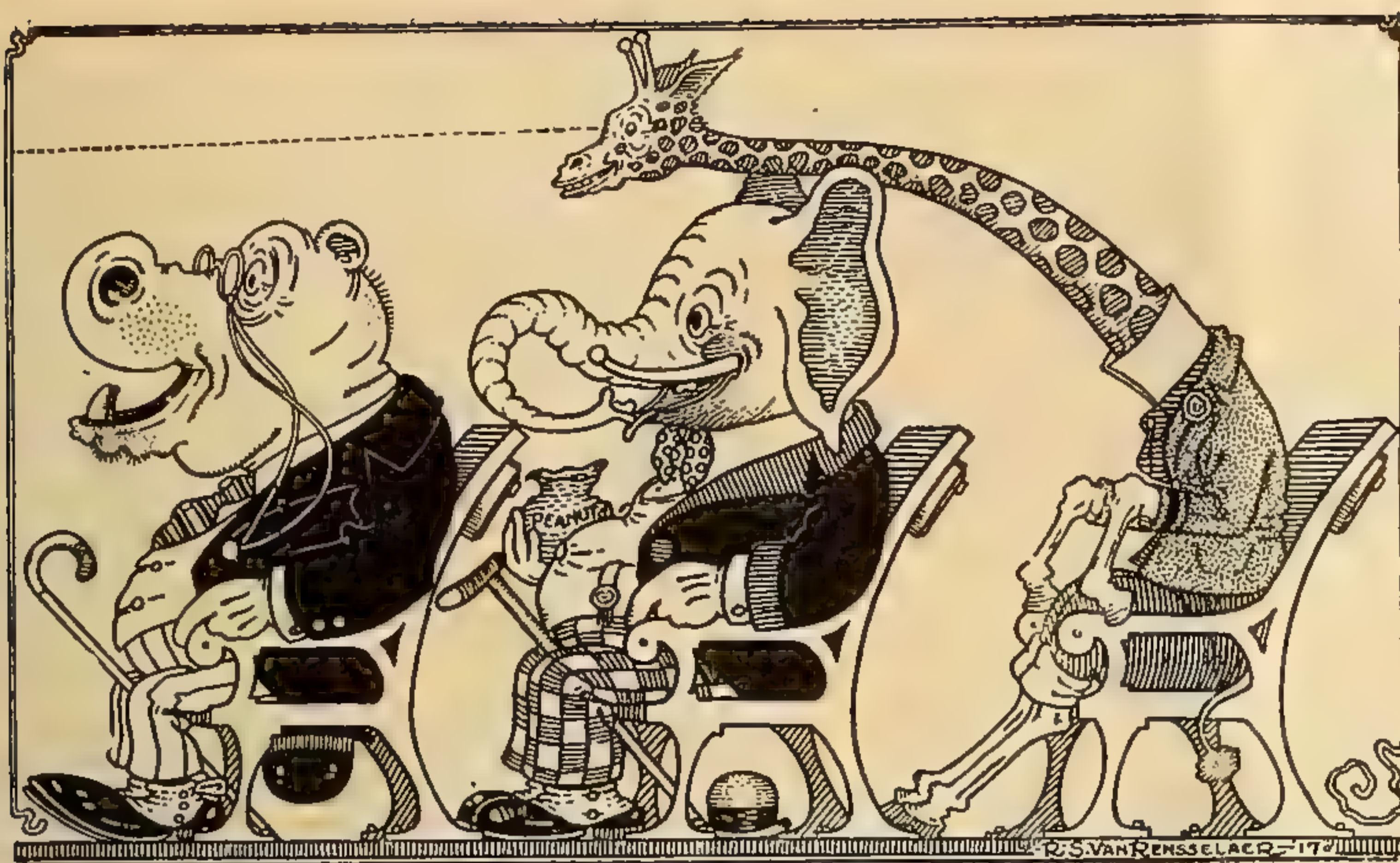
Youth—I want to become a movie actor. How shall I go about it?

Friend—You've first got to buy an automobile and a bungalow in California.

Swelled Up

"Bill is boasting that he has appeared in motion pictures."

"He has. The camera caught him in a crowd watching a parade."



A CLOSE-UP

Gerald Giraffe—Believe me, a long neck is just the thing for these movie shows!

"History" and the Screen

THE recent release by a motion picture house of a "historical" film, showing Pershing as the savior of Roosevelt at the battle of San Juan, opens up an inspiring vista of "historic" possibilities. The author of the scenario, we believe, frankly admitted that, as far as he knew, Pershing did not rescue Roosevelt at San Juan, but he staged the rescue in order to make "history" more thrilling.

Now, inasmuch as the screen means more to many people than ever books meant, "history" of this sort is bound to be believed. And inasmuch as "history" may be made much more effective by dropping in characters where they will do the most good—in short, where they will make the best pictures—it would be poor judgment to stop with the Pershing-Roosevelt rescue incident in Cuba. With so many live ones in American annals to choose from, why should participants in "historic" scenes be limited to those who were actually present?

Not even pausing for reply, we submit the following briefest of brief suggestions:

1—Combination film of the Battle of Bunker Hill and Sheridan's Ride. Fighting Phil arrives in time to turn the scale of victory.

2—Combination film of Commodore Perry and General Custer at the Battle of the Big Horn. "We have met the Indians, and they are ours!"

3—Combination film of Israel Putnam and Theodore Roosevelt riding down the stone steps at Greenwich, Conn., escaping from the Red Coats.

4—Combination film of the U. S. frigate *Constitution* and Dewey's victorious squadron sinking the *Alabama* in Manila Bay.

5—Combination film of General Grant and Mad Anthony Wayne in a surprise attack on Stony Point and Vicksburg.

6—Combination film of Paul Revere and Barbara Frietchie. Paul takes Barbara on saddle behind him, she flaunting American flag in face of Stonewall Jackson.

That should be enough, we think, for any scenario writer who is possessed of a "historic" temperament.



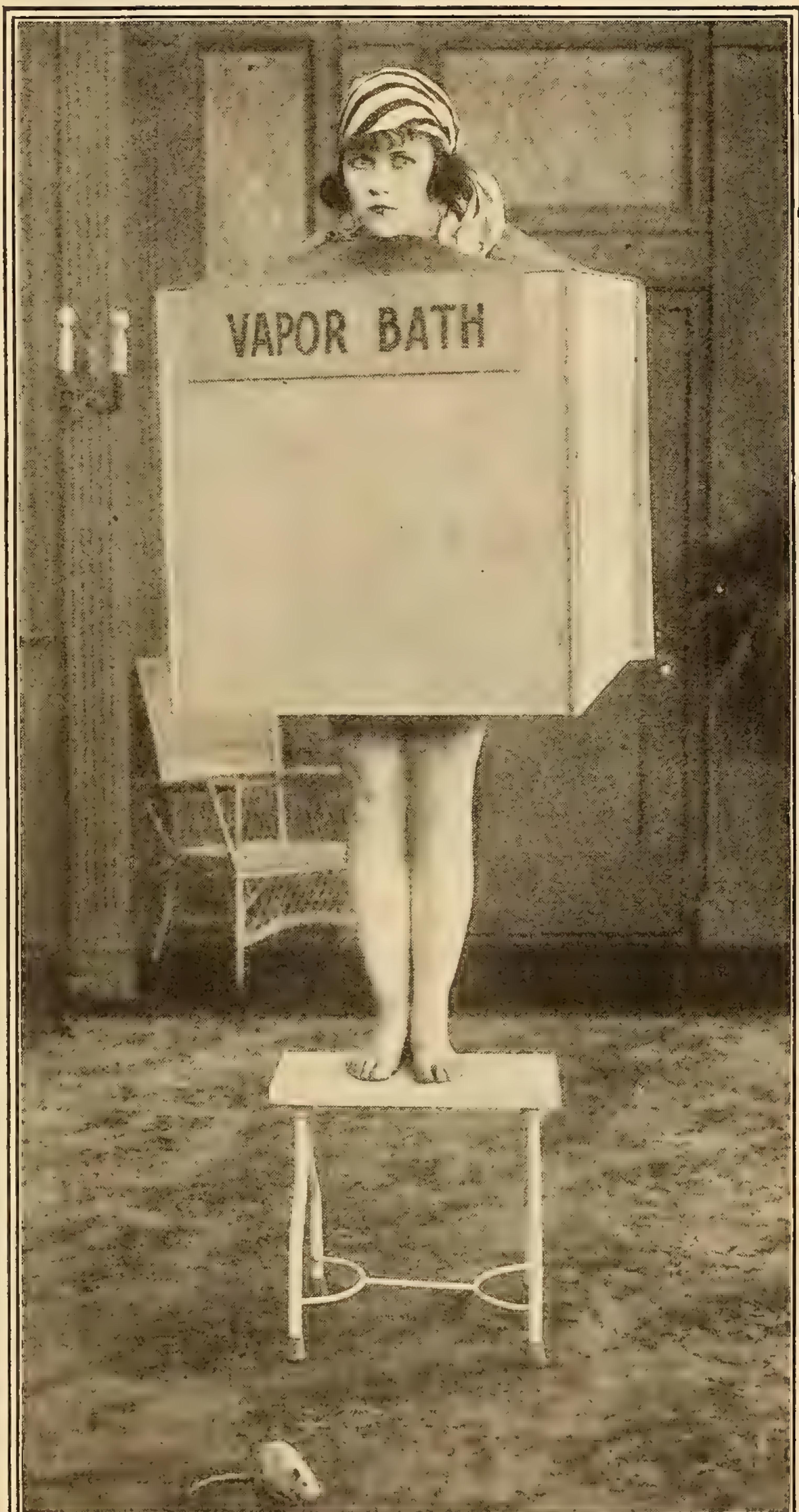
Modern Astronomy

When wife and I were sweethearts,
It really was amazing
How many blissful hours we spent
In innocent "star gazing."
But now the modern couple
Such old time courting bars;
They hie them to the movies,
And there they gaze at "stars"!

Utopia

The weary director had fallen asleep in his chair. Along came a clumsy "props" and stumbled over his feet.

"You poor boob!" shrieked the director. "You had to wake me up just as I was dreaming that Douglas Fairbanks was begging me for a job!"



THE INTERRUPTED FILM

Enough of a woman to be scared at a mouse, but too much of an actress to take her eyes off the camera.

The Movie Method of Raising Money

DOUG FAIRBANKS, without quite realizing it, may have started a revolution. Not a Bolshevik or a Villista type of revolt, but an upheaval in the hitherto standardized manner of raising money for public uses. In the Liberty Loan drive, Doug flew, paraded and did acrobatic stunts more or less off the ground until he had added six million dollars to the Loan subscriptions. Not only did he raise that much money, but he raised it quick, and gave the public in the bargain a "grand free exhibition" of his talents.

Now this method of raising money should be open to infinite and expansive variety. By engaging the right type of movie stars to tackle their proposition, cities and towns should be able to sell with next to no difficulty any sort of sound municipal security. Put the personality of a screen favorite behind a bond issue, and success is a sure thing.

There are all sorts of alluring possibilities. For example, suppose the city of Buffalo (or New Haven or Chattanooga) wishes to sell bonds to meet the cost of a new water system. And also suppose that it charters Charlie Chaplin to put the sale over. There is an immense crowd following him, and every purchaser of a bond at par receives a hook in the neck from the crook of Charlie's cane, thus becoming locally famous for life.

Other stars have other specialties, each equally serviceable and coin-compelling. Fatty Arbuckle could raise oodles of money by agreeing to hit publicly with a pie each

person who came across. Bill Hart could be retained to take it away from 'em at the point of a gun; for a really thumping subscription he might consent to use both guns. Francis X. Bushman has melting eyes and wavy hair which might melt and wave to public advantage. And who would not subscribe for water-main or street-paving bonds if by so doing he might be "vamped" by Theda Bara, right in front of all the neighbors?

Yes, Doug Fairbanks has started something—something which should ease the burdens of those who bear financial responsibility.

—A. H. F.

A Perfect Fit

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"Into the movies, sir," she said.

"And why," I asked politely, "do you feel yourself fitted for the movies?"

"Well," she replied, looking Marypickfordian, "I have been thrown from a runaway auto, I have been in three railroad accidents and four hotel fires, I have twice been rescued from drowning, I have been tossed by an angry bull, and I have been trapped in a folding bed, And so I feel fitted, sir," she said.

The Movie Business

"I hear your star is demanding another raise."

"Yes; she heard in some way that we are finally making a profit."



A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION TO THE BIG STORES

As an attraction for the Toy Department, why not engage as floor-walker one whose walking is famous?



THOSE SENTIMENTAL CLOSE-UPS

Showing the subtle influence of a visit to the movies.



IT'S ON THE WAY

Movie Director—*That's right, show surprise. Now get some action—plenty of action!*

Scrambled Brains

ACH motion picture leaves its impression on the brain of the beholder, whether he realizes this fact or not. His perceptions are sharpened or his sensibilities are dulled. Sometimes both these things happen at the same time. Wherefore it would be well for each of us to choose carefully what pictures to see, for they will have an effect on our children and our children's children.

The keen eye that is able to detect technical flaws and faulty construction will not be worth a great deal to the man or woman whose moral nature has been blunted by constant and indulgent contemplation of depravity, perversity and inexcusable meanness. The wise ones among us will rebel against having their brains scrambled in this way. We have the right to demand clean, reasonable photoplays.

Progress

Now they are talking about "movie maniacs." A young man kills a friend "like they did in the movies." How puny and ineffectual the old dime novel, which could do no better than to send boys out West "to shoot Indians"!

Can You Imagine?

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" produced with the following cast?

Topsy Pauline Frederick.
Simon Lagree Jack Pickford.
Little Eva Geraldine Farrar.
Uncle Tom Al St. John.

The Virus

Manager—For heaven's sake, what are the property men and wardrobe mistresses striking for?

Director—They want their names on the screen, too.

Scandal

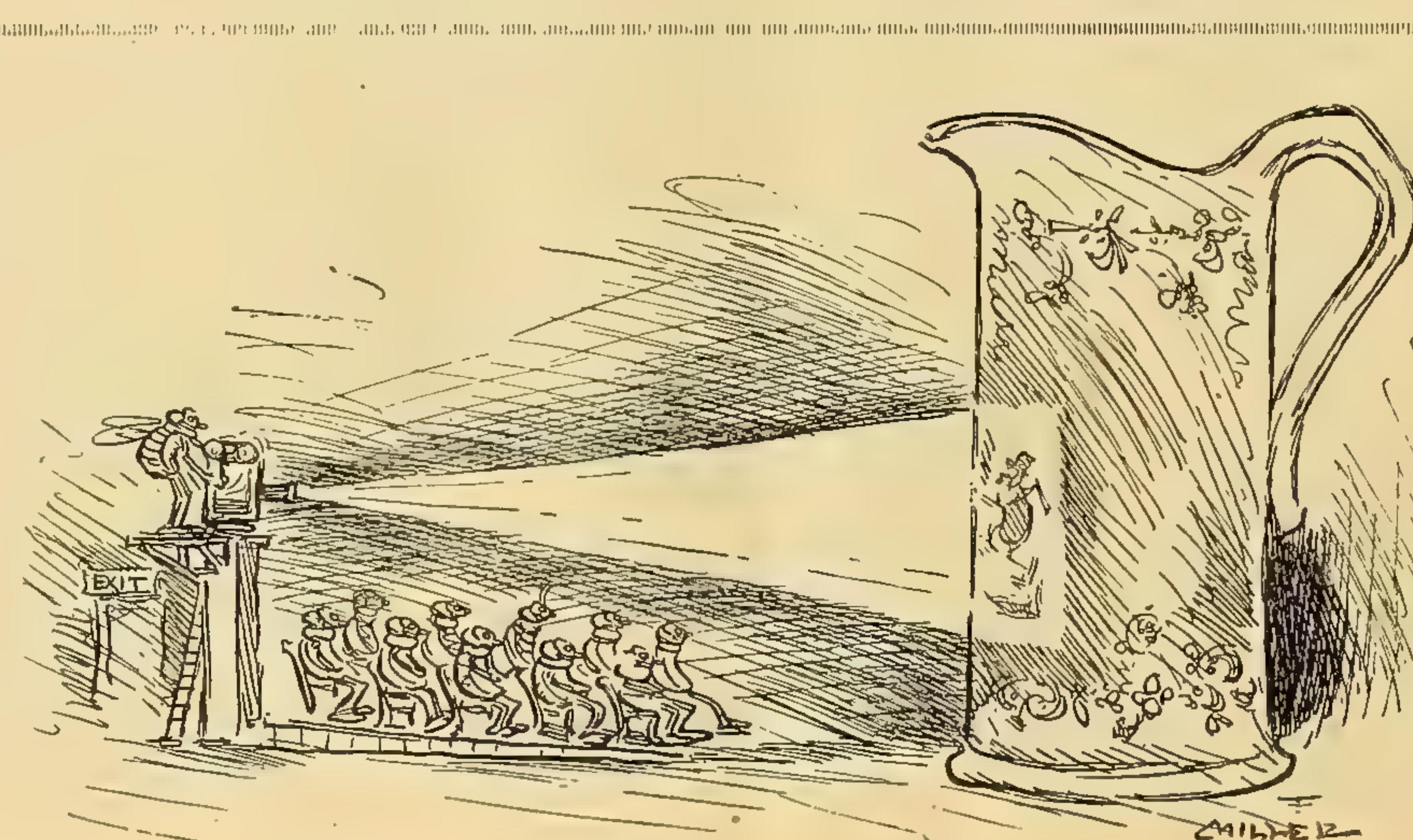
"I hear there's some scandal about that film actress."

"Yes; she's been married five years and hasn't got a divorce yet. Nothing else could cause so much talk."

Impervious

"I put a tack on that fellow's chair, but he hasn't budged."

"That isn't strange. He's used to it. He used to be a movie comedian."



Operator at Bugtown Lyric—*Nothing like one of those porcelain screens for a successful movin' pitcher!*

Save the Thoughtless Dollars

"I got the sweetest hat today. And, my dear, of course, I didn't really need it, but—"

* * * *

"What if it is only a few blocks? Here, taxi!"

* * * *

"I know I'd feel a lot better if I ate less, but I simply must have a big order of—"

* * * *

Over there in the Picardy mud, pock-marked with significant craters and "plum-caked" with unspeakable things that once were men, our soldiers can't hear all that some of us are saying. Good that they can't, isn't it? It wouldn't make it any easier to stand firm against those blood-crazed, grey hordes who come on wave after wave because they believe their Kaiser is "God's anointed shepherd of the German people."

* * * *

It isn't that we Americans are a selfish people. We have simply been thoughtless.

Money is needed to win this war—let's give it. So far, we have been asked only to lend—to lend at a good round 4% interest. Turn your THOUGHTLESS dollars into War Savings Stamps.

NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE,
WASHINGTON

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
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PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

When there's a flood in the studio, *Teddy*, the Mack Sennett dog, does the gallant thing in the rescue line.

The Tribe of Penny Specialists

(Continued from page 13)

the 'Irish comedian,' and he is never sure whether I'm complimenting him or insulting him.

"The women specialists? Well, to tell the truth, there aren't many; the feminine mind doesn't seem to run in grooves. We have plenty of character women, but few who stick to one certain thing. There is Beatriz Dominguez, the most famous Spanish and Oriental type we have; Dora Rogers, who does colored maids' bits, and Louise Gee, a cunning Oriental person who may be Japanese or Chinese or both."

Just then a fat man appeared at the window, completely blocking the aperture, and asked for work. It seemed that he was starving and had been for the past month.

"What does he specialize in?" I asked when he had gone.

"Camouflage mostly," the director replied sourly. "He weighs two hundred pounds if he does an ounce, but he's always on the edge of kicking off by starvation—to hear him tell it."

There are other specialists that no director, however obliging, will tell you about. They are like the rose which is born to blush unseen—and unsung. I refer to the "doubles," those intrepid souls who do the hard work and get the hard knocks, while the stars get the

glory. Their specialty is in doing the "thrills" with which the movies abound.

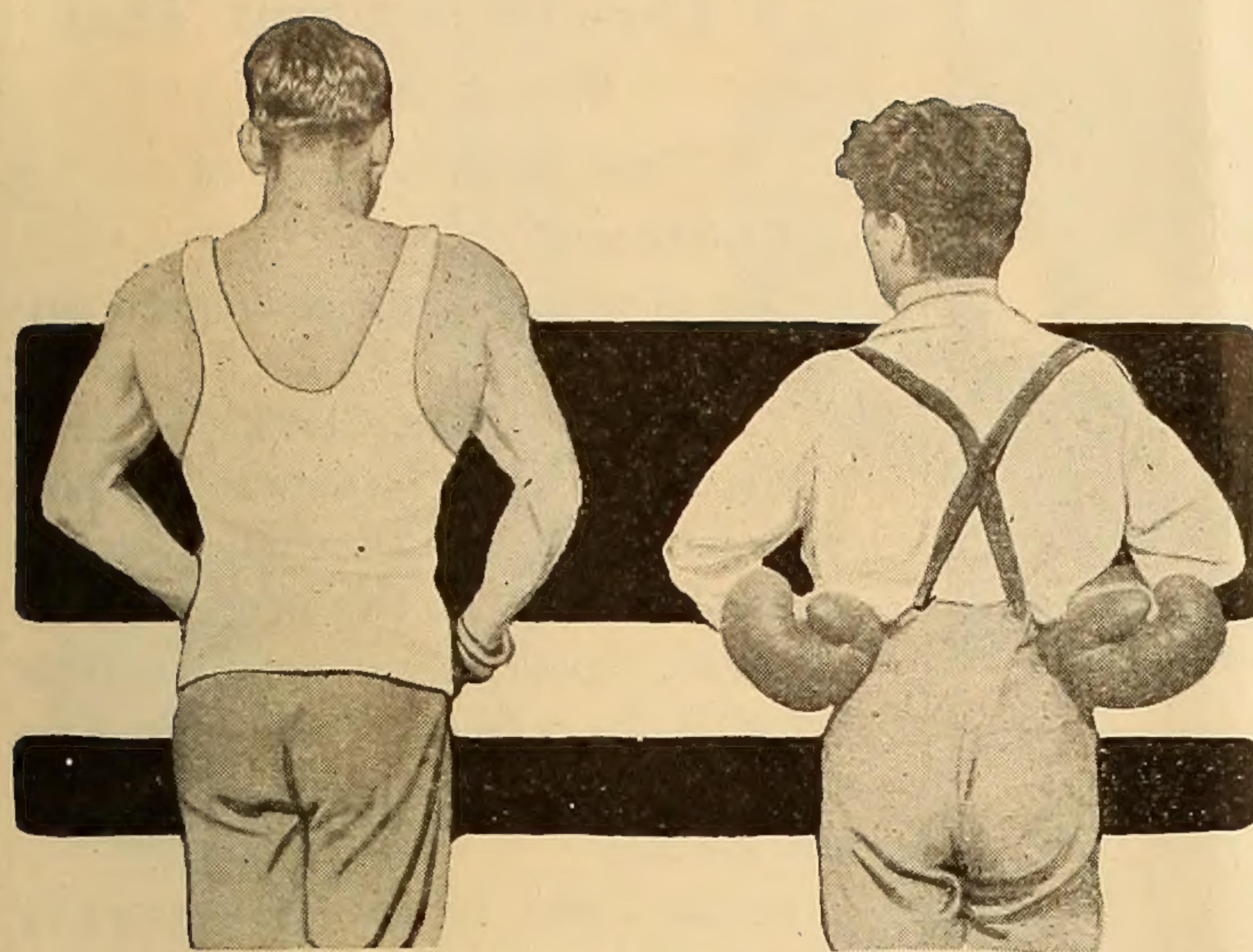
Far be it from me to say for whom these members of the P. S. tribe double, but the next time you see your favorite movie hero dragged at the heels of a wild horse or thrown out of a window, you can bet your war tax that the star is sitting calmly behind the camera, smoking a cigarette, while the director urges the thrill specialist to "make it snappy."

I know one little woman, a bundle of nerve and daring, who makes wild rides for life doubling for various heroines. Her adventures are numerous; she has been thrown from a horse, stepped on by another, all but trampled to death by stampeding cattle, dangled at the end of a rope over a cliff—and has seen the billboards announce the "superb daring of the iron-nerved Dotie Dimples"!

The star had gone no nearer the scene of action than her dressing-room; while her double was riding for life—and five dollars—she was calmly powdering her nose!

The most famous dare-devil double in the business is George Myers, who, before he took to doing thrills for the movies, made his living as a professional motor cyclist.

"Believe me, I get more thrills in this game than I ever had in the other," he assured me earnestly. "I've doubled for a dozen stars, more or less."



DOUG AND CHARLIE
Little known backs of well-known heads.

I've driven over a railroad track, just escaping a train coming at full speed; I've crashed through the top of an automobile on my motor cycle; I've jumped from the roof of one building to another without a net underneath and gotten a broken rib in consequence, and I've hung by my hands from a precipice with a sheer drop of a thousand feet staring up at me. In addition to that, I've done 'comedy skids' with autos on wet streets, driven through real glass windows, and driven off a bank into a lake or river.

"Get hurt? Oh, sure! I'm laid up in the hospital about every third month, but the companies pay my bills, and I'm not dead yet—so I should worry."

Who's Who and Where

"The Golden Chance" is the photoplay in which Anna Case makes her first appearance on the screen. The first half of the action takes place in a mining camp in the West. The last half, in New York, shows the little dance-hall girl transformed into the popular prima donna. It is said the story follows closely the life of Miss Case.

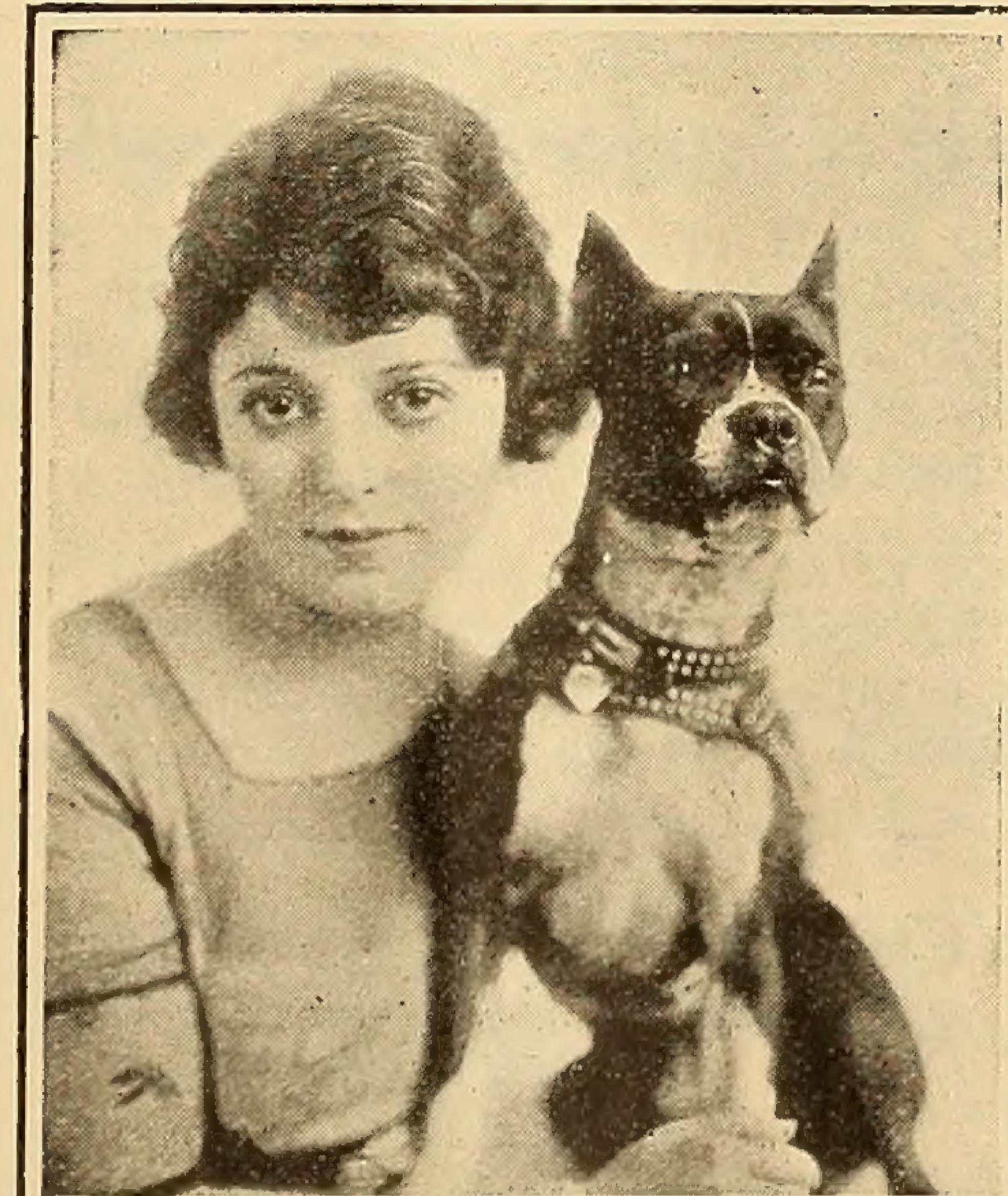
A strong propaganda picture is "Mongrels," the newest Sunshine comedy. The title has reference to a gang of Hun spies, but the story opens with a number of the cleverest dogs that ever trotted before a camera—a fox terrier, a British bulldog, a French poodle, and finally a dachshund. It is said that the Hun dog left the studio lot on crutches.

"The Common Cause," a war film

produced by J. Stuart Blackton, is scheduled for early release. Appearing in the cast are Marjorie Rambeau, Irene Castle, Julie Arthur, Violet Hemming, Effie Shannon, Charles and Violet Blackton and some score or more equally capable players. The story of the great war told in allegory forms a magnificent setting for a beautiful love drama.

D. W. Griffith seems to have demonstrated that motion pictures can be made which will do as great business as the best plays and at the same prices. Four hundred and twenty-six performances in Greater New York was the record for "Hearts of the World" on October 5th, when it closed a seven months' engagement at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, about 742,000 people having witnessed the play. On that date it moved to the Casino, where a similar run seems not unlikely.

George W. Shepard, head of a big lumbering concern, is said to be back of Screen Craft Photoplay Company, 303 Fifth Avenue, New York, in the filming of six one-reel Chinese comedies, translated by Robert B. Carson, who will direct the making of the pictures.



NATIONAL
Dainty Billie Rhodes who, after two solid years in single-reel comedies, blossoms out as a full-fledged star in a five-reel comedy-drama, "The Girl of my Dreams."

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LEGAL NOTICE.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, etc., required by Act of Congress of August 24th, 1912. Film Fun and the Magazine of Fun: Judge's Library & Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1st, 1918.

State of New York
County of New York { ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Reuben P. Sleicher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Film Fun and the Magazine of Fun: Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24th, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1.—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and the business manager, are: Publisher, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Jessie Niles Burness, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Jessie Niles Burness, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y. 2.—That the owner is, and stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock, are: Owner, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Stockholders, John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y., Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall St., New York, N. Y. 3.—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, are: John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Mary Peckham Sleicher, 710 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y. Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; City Real Estate Company, 176 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 4.—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and securityholders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bonafide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. REUBEN P. SLEICHER. (Signature of the Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1918. A. E. ROLLAUER, Notary Public, Queens County No. 962; Certificate filed in New York County No. 201; New York County Register's No. 9165; Commission Expires March 80th, 1919.

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LB 0 '20

A Christmas Stunt That Went Astray

(Continued from page 17)

"Quite so."

The director of movies laughed outright.

"It won't do, Mr. Claus," he said. "It's too tame. If you want to keep your following among the kids, you had better be content to live in their imaginations. Don't show 'em your little trick on the screen. Take it from me who knows, they'd yawn and give you the gee-hee."

Santa Claus looked positively shocked.

"Yes," continued the director, "I mean it. If, now, you could arrange to drive your outfit over a thousand-foot cliff, or through a brick wall, head on; or if you could see your way clear to fall through an open draw, or bridge a canyon with your reindeer and walk across them with your pack on your back—any one of those stunts might make your act worth while. But, as it is, it wouldn't be worth the celluloid in the film, Mr. Claus. You are not offended, I trust?"

Before leaving the studio, never to return, Santa Claus gave motion picture rights to his reindeer, make-up and whiskers to Douglas Fairbanks, and himself retired to the nearest Old Gentlemen's Home.

Putting the "Extra" in His Place

(Continued from page 9)

"Yes," said little Miss Rose. "A juryman in a courtroom scene. Be here at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

The old man heaved a sigh, half of gratitude that he was to be employed, and half of resentment that he was merely to be a juryman and not a judge. Then he shuffled away, muttering to himself, and I, superstitiously hoping that the chain of "nothing to-day" had been broken and that a good line of jobs might now open up, stepped forward and smiled my sweetest. Little Miss Rose looked up rather wearily from her slips of paper.

"Anything for me, Miss Rose?" I asked.

Ouch

Director — What makes you think that scenario writer hates you?

Movie comedian — I've just read his latest script.



Make this a Red Cross Christmas

AMERICA'S second war-time Christmas is almost here. Our thoughts, our interests, our hearts are not in the trivial things now—they are with the boys in France and our war-tried Allies.

Their thoughts, their interests, their hopes are in the Red Cross and the knowledge that it is ever present and ready to lend them aid most needed. Let our Christmas message to those loved ones be that we stand solidly

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All you need is a heart and a dollar

Red Cross Christmas Roll Call, December 16-23



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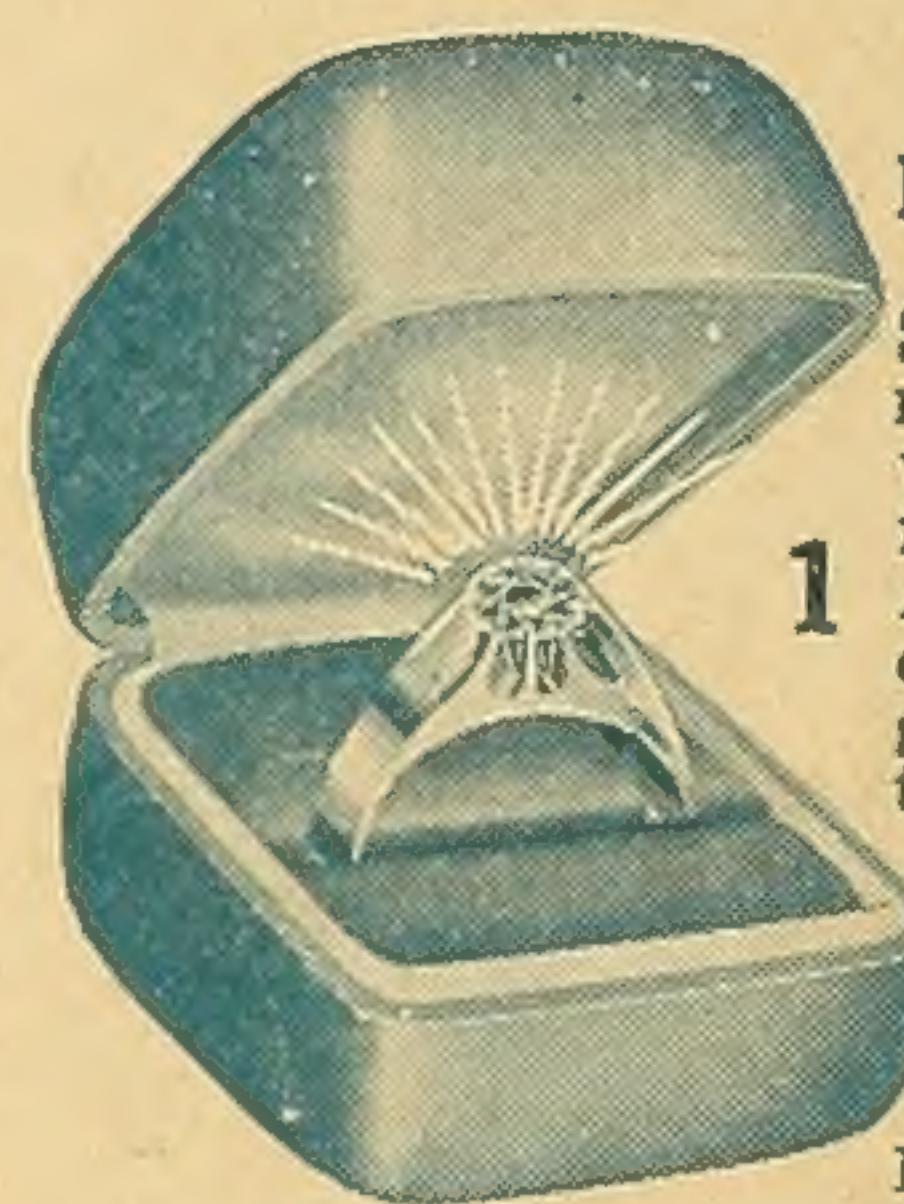
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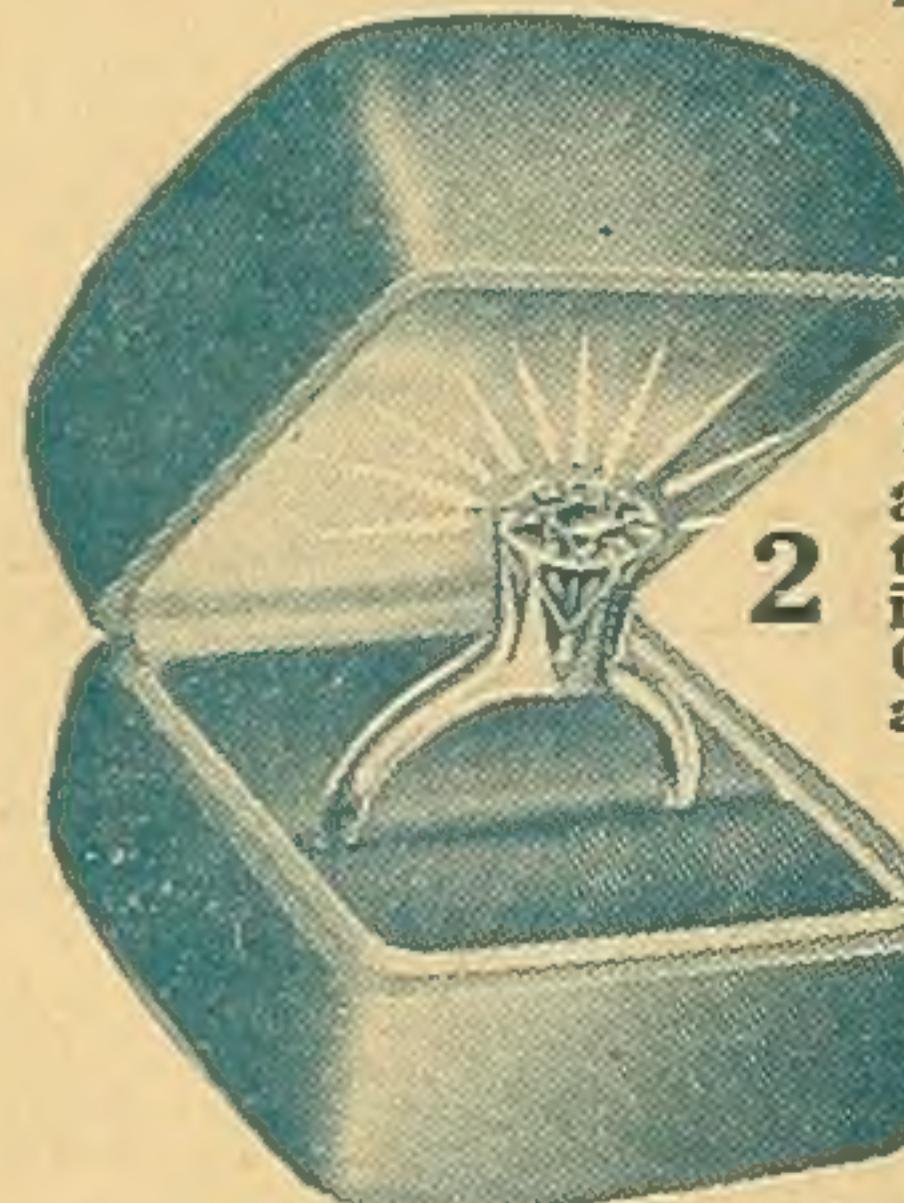
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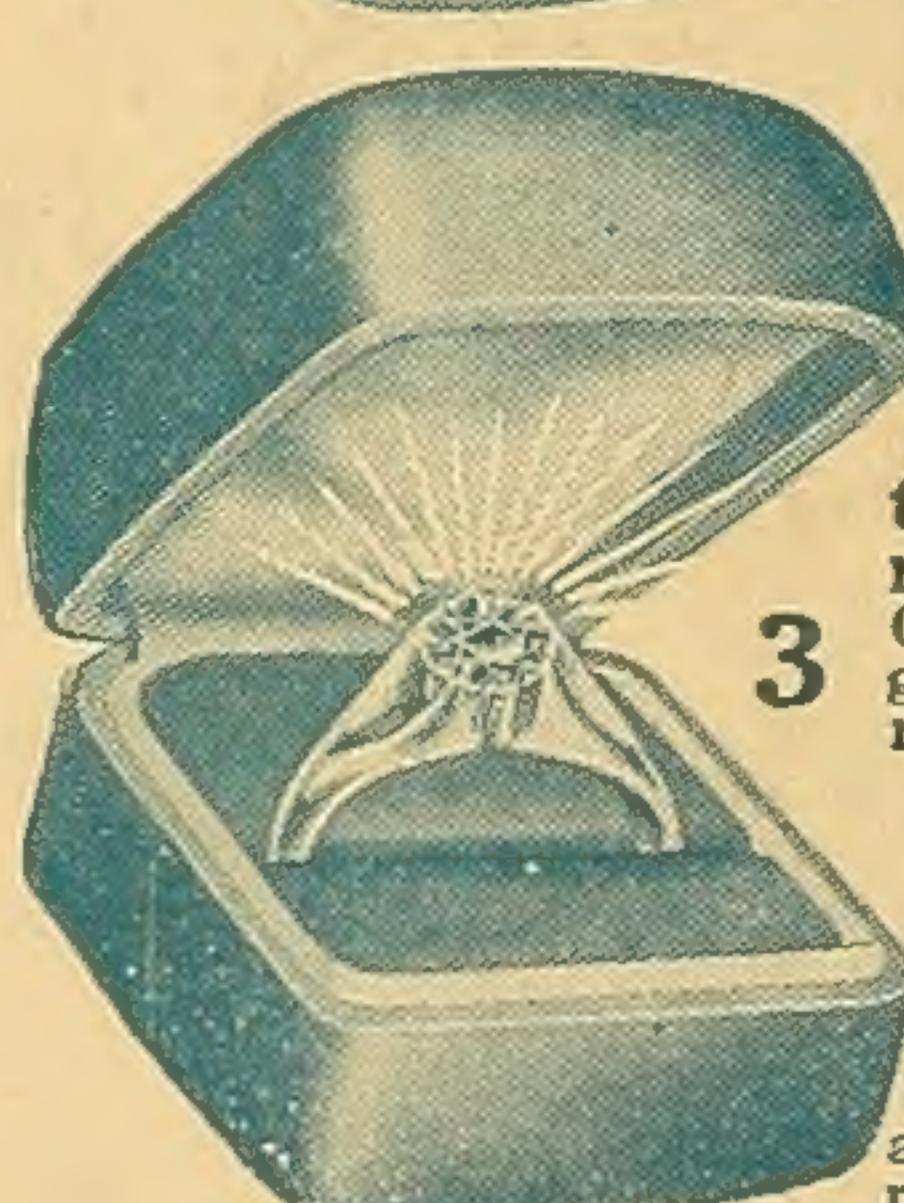
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